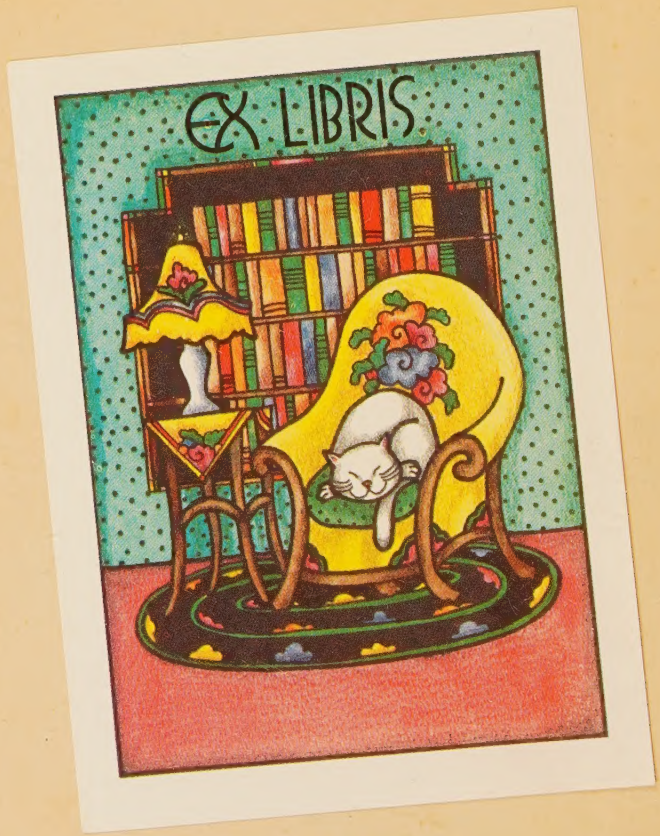
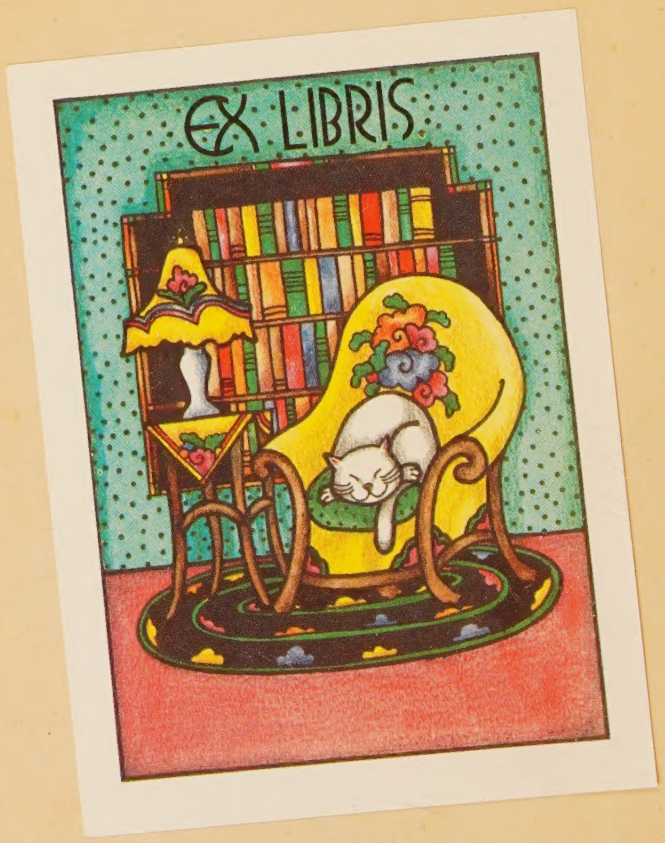
MARY ROSE
IN FRIENDVILLE

MARY MABEL WIRRIES


EX LIBRIS

Marie


EX LIBRIS

Marie

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/maryroseinfriend0000mary

MARY ROSE IN FRIENDVILLE

BOOKS BY MARY MABEL WIRRIES

FOR GIRLS

Cloth, Frontispiece, Uniform, Each, Net $1.00

MARY ROSE IN FRIENDVILLE

MARY ROSE AT ROSE GABLES

The lively heroine of many an escapade shows a new side of her character when she opens a health farm for the unfortunates of a nearby city. The book closes with an episode which betokens a happy future for Mary Rose . . . and a certain young man.

MARY ROSE, GRADUATE

Mary Rose captures a burglar, reforms a snob, and goes to sleep beside her drum during an orchestra recital. Bride Malone has surprising news on graduation night and Bride's brother Tom makes a delightful threat.

MARY ROSE, SOPHOMORE

"Many real thrills."—*Ave Maria.* . . . "Another excellent girl's story."—*Sentinel.* . . . "Better than pages of advertisement for our convent schools."—*America.*

MARY ROSE KEEPS HOUSE

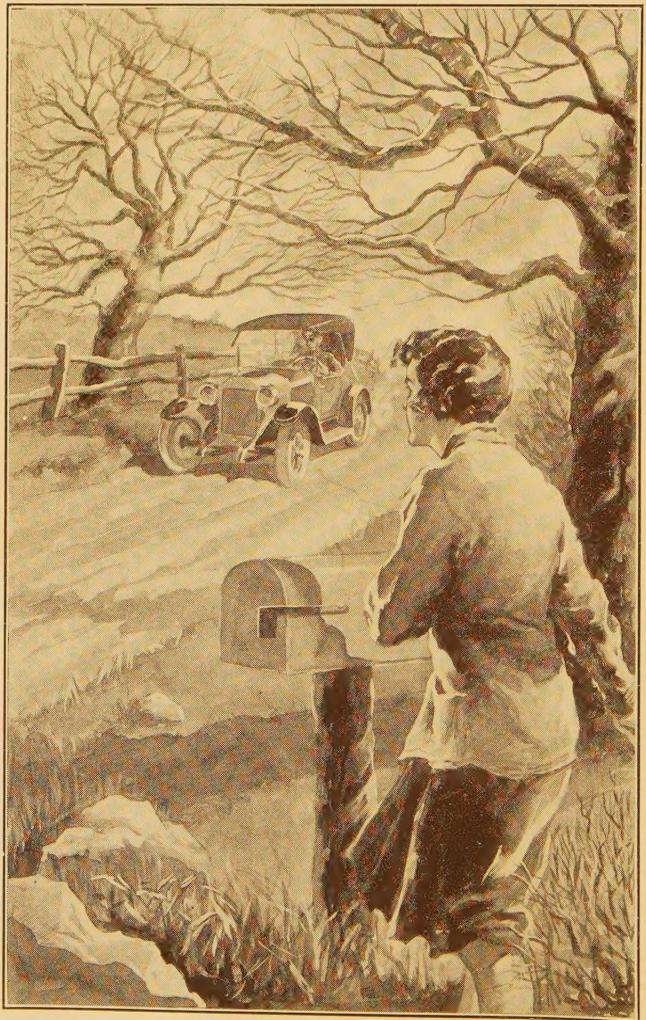
"An excellent story to place in the hands of grammar school girls."—*North American Teacher.*

MARY ROSE AT BOARDING SCHOOL

"A lively story of a 'real' girl, but also a girl of character. Every chapter is full of interest."—*Liguorian.*

PAULA OF THE DRIFT

The story of an unusual girl and her adventures.



"'Cap' Rider saw Mary Rose waiting . . ." Page 18

MARY ROSE
IN
FRIENDVILLE

By
MARY MABEL WIRRIES
Author of the Mary Rose Series, etc.

NEW YORK CINCINNATI CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
BENZIGER BROTHERS
1930

Mary Rose in Friendville
Copyright 1930 by Benziger
Brothers. Printed in the
United States of America

To Regina
Our "Little Queen."

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Clouded Skies	9
II	Going Home	23
III	Bob Paints	36
IV	"Ask and Ye Shall Receive".	51
V	Deteckatives and Flanthropists	68
VI	An Alumnae Reunion	88
VII	"For the Pottses"	103
VIII	A Labor Day Picnic	117
IX	Mary Rose a Bride	133

MARY ROSE IN FRIENDVILLE

CHAPTER I

Clouded Skies

"PLEASE, may I bathe the baby this morning?"

Mary Rose Ensley poked her head cautiously into what she called Rose Gables' "sparest" spare bedroom, and spoke in a small and humble voice. Both the humility and the caution were necessary if she hoped to receive the boon she begged. Grandma Milton was reigning in the spare bedroom these days, and she was jealous of the usurpation of her self-assumed duties, even by Mary Rose, rightful mistress of the household though she might be. For the spare bedroom was given over to His Highness the Baby—the very newly arrived son and heir of Alois Shaffer, once "handy

man" at the farm, but long since overseer and manager, and his pretty, gentle young wife, Hedda—and all Rose Gables was eager to worship at the throne of the little monarch. Al, hardly able to believe in the magic of his own fatherhood, tiptoed in awkwardly, with young Fritz behind him, just to gaze upon the sleeping mite; Helen begged futilely to be allowed to "hold him, just once." Small Callie combed the yard and the countryside for the few flowers that had escaped the biting autumn frosts—flowers wherewith to grace the room in which he slept; Lizzie cooked the daintiest of titbits for his proud young mother and anxiously advised saffron and catnip tea at the slightest trace of indisposition on the part of the infant.

Hedda, from her nest among the rose-colored pillows of the *chaise longue*, smiled understandingly at the girl in the doorway. She, too, was aching to get at that tiny, precious bit of humanity which God had given her, and bathe, and rub, and powder the little pink body. Such a miracle of a baby! Sweet, clinging fingers; wondering, deep blue eyes; pink toes, curling into the soles of the flower-like

feet. When, wondered Hedda, had there been such another baby?

"Please, Grandma Milton," begged Mary Rose, in her meekest little-girl manner, "I promise faithfully not to break him."

"Land's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Milton, testily. "You'd think I didn't know enough to take care of this baby, the way you're all pestering around to do things for him. I've bathed him every morning since he was born. I don't see any reason why I can't do it this morning. Haven't you anything else to do?"

Mary Rose sighed. "Scads of things," she admitted, "so many, Grandma dear, that I'm ashamed to think of them. But I don't seem to have the heart to do them. My will is sluggish. I thought, perhaps, if you'd let me bathe the baby, it would do me good. But, of course, if you don't wish me to ——"

"Who said I didn't want you to?" Grandma Milton took off her glasses and polished them vigorously on the corner of her apron. Even without their aid, she could see the violet shadows that worry had smeared beneath Mary Rose's eyes, and the even deeper shadows that lurked in their depths. If the

baby could bring her even a small portion of comfort—"I'm sort of tired," said Grandma. "I was just hoping someone would take that squirming youngster off my hands this morning. You'll do as well as anyone, I guess. All his clothes are over here in this bureau. Test the water with your elbow, and don't get it too hot or too cold. Be careful you don't chill him, and don't get any soap in his eyes. And powder all the creases—he's so fat, he chafes easily. Call me when you're done." And, lest her nerves be wracked to shreds by watching Mary Rose's amateur efforts, Grandma made a hasty, if dignified, retreat.

"Poor Grandma!" said Mary Rose, when she had gone. "Its selfish of me, I suppose, to take the pleasure away from her, but I do need comfort this morning while I'm waiting for the mailman to come."

"I know," said Hedda, softly. "At least, I know how it would be for me, if Al were over there with your Tim, and I didn't hear and didn't hear for such a long, long time. But don't worry, Mary Rose! It's hard for the mail to get through. You may get three letters at once, as you did once before."

"That's what I try to tell myself," said Mary Rose, "but my heart is so fearful, it's hard to get it to listen. Hi, there, young man!" as the sleeping baby in the basket stretched and began to wail lustily. "Who told you it was bathtime? I haven't the water ready yet. Can't have a bath without water, sonny. What does he wear, Hedda? All these clothes? Shirt, and band, flannel skirt, diaper, dress, jacket, booties, stockings—Cæsar's ghost! No wonder he weighs ten pounds!"

"We weighed him without the clothes," said Hedda, proudly. "He really is a large baby, Mary Rose. And so smart! Do you know, I'm positive he smiled at me yesterday!"

"Oh, Hedda, you old absurdity! But we know he's a wonder. I'll say this—his *lungs* are extraordinary. Hush your noise, young man, or Grandma Milton will be back here with war in her eye. She'll be sure I'm scalding you, or sticking pins into you. I'll have your water here in a jiffy, infant." And Mary Rose whisked into the hall with a pitcher, and back again with the hot water, in less time than it takes to tell. "Now come here, sir. When I get through scrubbing you, your own mother

won't know you. Oh, Hedda, isn't he a darling? Quit that wiggling, villain! Hold still, or I won't be your godmother next Sunday. What are you going to call him, Hedda? Are you and Al still trying to decide on a name that's grand enough?"

"No," said Hedda, "we decided last night."

"Not really? And didn't call me immediately and tell me? You mean things! And what is the illustrious cognomen with which our noble son is to be adorned—or should I say 'which our noble son is to adorn'? Don't keep me in suspense."

"Timothy Joseph," said Hedda.

"You dear things!" A tear wandered down Mary Rose's cheek. "You and Al are the best ever. Won't Tim be delighted? He'll positively strut—and I won't blame him. A real live baby named after him! He'll probably pray for the child to have red hair, so prepare yourself for the worst. When Tim comes back ——" She was suddenly silent. How many times of late she had said, "When Tim comes back ——" Ah, what if he didn't come? What if these long weeks of silence meant just that?

Hedda, who knew why she stopped, was silent too. There was nothing she could say —nothing that would ease the hurt, nothing that would take away one iota of the worry. *So* long had Mary Rose been waiting for a letter—a letter that did not come. Rumor had it that the War would soon be over. The papers boasted that the Allies were winning. The armistice would soon be signed. But ah, the gold stars that replaced the blue stars in so many windows! And the women—the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of soldiers—women, who, like Mary Rose, had shadows in their eyes, shadows that, for many of them, would never be erased.

"Don't let that happen to her, God," Hedda often prayed, as did all of those who loved Mary Rose, "to her, who has done so much for our happiness. Keep her own happiness for her."

The baby, perhaps because he was so soon to bear so proud a name, perhaps because he was naturally a dignified baby, as became a child ministered unto by Grandmother Milton, comported himself sedately while Mary Rose deftly bathed and dried his soft body.

He blinked and stretched happily at his rub, and even while his self-appointed nurse was fastening his booties, he curled his fat fist tightly about her thumb and went blissfully to sleep. Mary Rose, her troubles for the moment forgotten, laughed and kissed his dimpled cheek.

"All right, you foolish child," she said. "Lunch time for you, and you don't even know it—and then your mother brags about your smartness! First thing you know you'll be as skinny as a rail." And she rolled him in a blue blanket, and laid him gently beside his mother.

She chatted gayly to Hedda while she gathered up his tiny, discarded garments and put them away, emptied the water, and put the bath-stand in order. Then, with a glance at the clock, she excused herself and went away. Unless he varied from his usual time, within the next fifteen minutes old "Cap" Rider, the rural mail-carrier, would come ambling along from Martinsburg in his ancient car. This morning, as every morning for weeks past, Mary Rose would meet him at the entrance to Rose Gables Lane, and search eagerly through

the huge bundle of "Happiness Farm" mail to see if there was a letter from Tim.

The wind blew cold and raw—a merciless north wind. Winter was again at hand. As its breath smote the bare branches of the trees, they creaked and moaned. Mary Rose drew her sweater closer about her shoulders and shivered. The eleventh of November! Could it be possible? Nearly two years since that first happy Christmas at Rose Gables, when she had drawn all her dear ones together. Such a happy, gay, irresponsible time, bright with love, nonsensical with wishes, gay with gifts, funny with pie-baking in the middle of the night, sweetly solemn with prayers and Christmas hymns. How far away that Christmastime seemed! And yet Rose Gables was the same, now that it was winter, as it had been then.

Never again would that merry group be gathered together under one roof. True, many of them were still here. Al and Hedda were married now. Lizzie, who had taken a vacation that Christmas, was still presiding in the kitchen. Con Clark was changed from a shiftless, no-account drunkard into a sober, indus-

trious, God-fearing farmer and a practical Catholic, who never failed to be in his place at the altar rail when the Holy Name men of the parish received Holy Communion in a body. Fritz and Helen and Callie were older and finer, Grandma Milton gentler and sweeter. Mary Rose herself—these were here. And Mumsey and Daddy, Bobby and Bess, were only a few miles distant, in Friendville. But Mrs. Pebbles had married, and gone to the far West with her husband and her little ones. Araminta Sparks, good soul, was dead. Bride Malone, Mary Rose's beloved chum and classmate, had gone away to the convent, and tucked her red-gold curls and merry brain, first beneath the black cap of the postulant, and now, for nearly a twelve-month, beneath the snowy veil of an Ursiline novice. And Tim, dear Tim—Bride's brother, and Mary Rose's sweetheart and fiancé, was somewhere overseas, along with thousands of other brave lads, fighting to "make the world safe for democracy."

"Cap" Rider saw Mary Rose waiting by the gate, and sighed. There were so many who waited for him these days. He had learned

to dread the look on their faces when he must needs disappoint them. He had no letter for her with the overseas mark today, he knew, but he tried to be cheery when he greeted her.

"Roses in your cheeks, Miss Ensley!" he cried. "I know why they call this place 'Rose Gables.' All you young folks out here got them blooming in your cheeks."

"I think the wind has painted one on the end of my nose, too, this morning," said Mary Rose, with a smile. "My, but you're slow today. I'm just about frozen. *Please* tell me you have what I want!"

The old man fumbled in his pack without looking at her. "Wish I did," he said. "Yes, ma'am, I wish I did. But I'm right afraid I haven't—not this time. Got a pack of letters for you, though—and enough reading matter and catalogs to keep you busy for a spell. Let's see—yep! That's all. More tomorrow. I'll bring you that letter you're waiting for then, Miss."

Mary Rose tried to smile as he drove on. She sorted the letters. One from Mumsey; one from Cousin Lewis; a bill for the coal; a check for a consignment of honey; a half-

dozen charity appeals; a letter from—in eager haste she dropped the others and opened this one, for it was from Tim's mother. And, as she read it, the sun went out of her sky, and blackness piled up around her.

"Dear little girl," read the message. "We have today been notified that our boy is listed among the missing. Bear up, my dear—and pray hard. How much easier to write this, than to follow our own advice! If possible, will you come to stay with us a little while? Perhaps 'twill ease the pain. Heartbrokenly yours, Ellen Malone."

Two miles away, in Martinsburg, a gray-headed telegraph operator, listening to the clicking of his keys, ejaculated three words, leaped over a desk, and fired a ledger through a window, while his youthful assistant tore out of the room as though possessed, shouting at everyone he knew. A minister, with shaking hands, began to ring a church bell, while the excited superintendent of a factory seized the cord that blew a whistle. A portly, dignified bank president so far forgot himself as to slap a stately Daughter of the Revolution on the

back and call her "Old Girl," and she, because she had three grandsons overseas, and he had two, never noticed the indignity. All over town, and all along the rural telephone lines, bells began to ring violently, and eager women listened breathlessly to incoherent, sobbing, laughing, unbelievable messages. Lizzie Wickard, back in the kitchen of Rose Gables, heard the violently ringing office phone, and answered it, listened to the message, and then, with a glad, choked cry, "God be praised!" she threw her apron around her gray head, and ran down the lane to tell Mary Rose. And there, face down on the icy ground, sobbing as if her heart would break, she found the girl.

"Child, child!" cried Lizzie, to whom Mary Rose would never be anything but a child, no matter how old she grew. "Sit up and dry your eyes, and stop your crying. Don't mind if your letter didn't come today, child. It'll be here tomorrow, and soon your boy himself will be here! The War's over, Mary Rose! The War's over! And the whole country's mad with joy! Child, child, do you hear me? Dry your tears and *smile*! Annie Godard just telephoned me that the armistice has been

signed. No more of our lads going over, Mary Rose, but all of them coming home! Oh, smile at the news, child—the glorious news! Aren't you glad—*glad?*"

Mary Rose sat up, and dried her eyes. For a long moment she looked at Lizzie Wickard, trying to realize what it was that she was saying. The War over—the armistice signed —the whole country mad with joy! No more lads going overseas, but all of them coming home ——

"No, no, not all!" she cried. "Oh, the pity of it! Oh, thank God, thank God it's over! But, Lizzie, Lizzie!" And she crept into the older woman's tender arms, and bowed her stricken young head on her comforting shoulder. "Say some prayers for me, Lizzie. Help me to bear it. *My boy's not coming home!*"

CHAPTER II

Going Home

ODD, thought Mary Rose sometimes, with a little pang because it was true—odd, that life, with its dreams shattered, and that which had made it rose-colored and beautiful taken away, could go on just the same. Tim was gone—dear, broad-shouldered, flaming-haired, light-hearted, teasing Tim. Tim, who had been her world for long years before she had admitted it, even to her own heart. Tim was gone—and yet the world moved on. Christmas passed, and the New Year came. Winter blasts raged, and the snows melted. Easter arrived, and an earth new-risen from the dead—sweet with buds in yard and orchard, and bright with the soft greens and pastel tints with which Artist Nature does her spring painting.

Rose Gables hummed with activity. Mr. Clark began the tractor plowing over in the

south field; Al spent long hours in the garden lot, fussing paternally with his rows of early radishes and sprouting onions; Fritz and Helen were busy with the awakening bees, and the fluffy chicks that filled the brooder houses; Grandma Milton kept the needle and the sewing-machine busy, turning out warm-weather clothes for house and children. Hedda and Lizzie, with towels tied about their heads, were ever to be found poking into bureau drawers, clothes closets, attic corners and other odd places in search of winter dust, dirt and disorder, which they might combat before "spring cleaning" began in earnest. Mary Rose, too, must go on. Spring multiplied her duties a hundred-fold. Soon, with the coming of the summer recess, Rose Gables would swarm with "fresh-air" children from Father Lowney's poor parish in the city. Before that time there were countless tasks to do: supplies to order; repairs on house and outbuildings to plan; mail to answer; ways and means to discuss with her lawyer-adviser; the whole summer program to outline.

And Mary Rose was tired. Scarlet fever, which she had had more than a year before,

had taken its toll of her strength, and the strain under which she had labored during the past few months had added to her fatigue. Now, at the very beginning of the season which had always, heretofore, found her eager and alert for work, she was weary of body and soul.

"I think," she said, pushing back her chair from her desk, and wistfully looking out on the spring beauty of her Happiness Farm, "that I must need a rest—a good, long rest. How I'd love to go home, to Mumsey and Daddy, Bob and Bess. To snuggle down in my own little white bed, in my own little white room, as I used to—ah, how long ago it seems! To have my Mumsey tuck me in, and sit beside me and talk a little while—and then to kiss my forehead with her cool lips, and say, 'God bless you, Mary Rose!' before I go to sleep; to walk down to the office, my arm tucked in Daddy's, and there to sort out his mail and straighten up his desk and do the dusting as I used to; to perch upon the money-order counter at the post office, and watch Uncle Cal opening up the mailbags; to have Bess to cuddle, and Bob to laugh at. To have Becky and Hattie 'come visitin' ' as they used to, and to 'walk a piece'

with them when they went home. I feel like such a little girl inside. Can it be we're all so grown? Hattie a school-ma'am; and Becky —blessed Becky!—her father's office nurse; and Vera the ever-harried, hurried mother of two children—'Mrs. J. F. Henderson'." She smiled whimsically at the superscription on the letter before her. "'Mrs. J. F.,' indeed! Wasn't it only yesterday that she and I, Clara and Hattie, the Caseys from over the hill, and Johnny Henderson, were playing at mud pies? And now she and Johnny are married —— Why, Mary Rose Ensley!" as a tear splashed onto her friend's letter, "aren't you ashamed, ashamed? As though you were the only person in the world with troubles! Would you shirk your responsibilities to run away now? Homesick, and heartsick—oh, Mary Rose! Here on the firing line you must stay, my dear. But oh, Mumsey, Mumsey! I want to come home!" And, in spite of her resolution to be brave, down on her desk went the brown head.

"Letters, letters! I've got a heap of letters," chanted a gay, childish voice in the distance—a voice that came nearer and nearer.

Mary Rose dried her tears hastily. The entire morale of Rose Gables hinged on the serenity of its young mistress. "Letters, letters! Lots and lots of letters! Hippity, hop, to the barber shop, to get a stick of candy. One for you and one for me, and one for Uncle Andy!" And, with one final prodigious hop, the singer landed squarely, plop! upon the threshold of the office. "May I come in, please? I brought up the mail."

"Certainly, Callie dear," said Mary Rose. "You need not ask. My, how pretty you are this morning. A new dress, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," Callie nodded her head proudly. "Did you ever see anything so bang-up swell? Excuse me, I mean so—so pretty? Oh, bother!" with a burst of impatience, "I don't mind eating proper, and sitting proper, and walking proper, but I think talking proper is just like eating mush and milk—it's good, but it's awful plain. But Grandmother says I'll never be a lady until I learn to talk like one, and all the words she says are not proper are so swell—I mean so—so—oh, tell me a proper word, quick!"

"So expressive, dear," Mary Rose came to

her rescue with a hearty laugh. One could always be amused at Callie, with her straightforwardness and originality. "I, too, have sometimes felt that way about the language we speak, Callie. But it's our own fault, I think. We are an extravagant people—extravagant even in our speech. Simple, unadorned things —even simple, unadorned words—do not appeal to us. We must dress our language in picturesque attire. I remember once, when I was at boarding school ——"

Callie dropped down on a small foot-stool with a rapt expression on her face. "I love boarding-school stories," she breathed softly.

"But it isn't a story, absurd child. I was just going to tell you how, once when I was at school, Sister Imelda had us all out on the carpet for the slang we were using. She even had us make out a list of all the slang expressions we habitually employed. My, but the list was a long one! Slang expressions have changed considerably, even in these few years. The War gave us a number of new ones, and popular songs always contribute their share to the language. But the completed list was a formidable one. We were not to say: 'You'll

get squashed'; 'I was simply dying'; 'Hain't it awful, Mabel?'; 'Tell that to the marines'; 'Go ahead and shoot'; 'awfully' this, or 'horribly' that; 'She's a daisy', or 'He's a peach.' Of course, that's not the entire list, but those are fair samples. Sister pinned the list on the 'rec' wall—and our martyrdom began. Honestly, we hardly dared open our lips. We had no idea how dependent we were on those forbidden expressions. And then one of us had an inspiration ——"

"Was it you?" asked Callie.

"I'm afraid it was," Mary Rose smiled. "We put our heads together, and ransacked our text-books for new expressions, which we promptly put to use. Nothing was too absurd. If someone asked, 'How are you this morning?' a Junior who, a week before, would have replied, 'Spiffy, thank you,' said, languidly, 'Geometrically speaking, I find that my pedal extremities are perambulating with celerity, and my cogitating apparatus is even more facile. Allow me to state that I appreciate your solicitude. And how are you?' "

Callie giggled appreciatively.

"What did Sister say?" she asked.

"Sister? No one ever got ahead of Sister Imelda. I think she was expecting us to do something. She never flickered an eyelid, no matter what we said. Just looked cool and aloof, and as though she didn't hear us. And the 'list' stayed on the wall. Finally we grew tired of our new game. It wasn't fun if Sister wouldn't pay attention to us. And of course we knew that convent-bred birls should be above cheap slang, and that she was entirely correct in trying to weed it from our gardens. So we just reformed. And when Sister felt that we were almost cured, we came to the 'rec' one evening, to find the 'list' gone, and to be informed that we were at liberty to return to our old mode of speech if we wished. But, though we went back to saying 'awfully' and 'simply,' and a few like expressions, we found that the habit was gone. We never used slang again without feeling self-conscious."

"Hm-m-m!" said Callie. "Guess I'll have to make out a list, too."

"It might help," said Mary Rose. Then, changing the subject, "I do like that dress, Callie. Did Grandmother make it?"

"No'm," said Callie, "I made it myself!

Grandmother helped me with the cutting, and showed me how to finish the seams, and the collar and cuffs—but I did the rest, every bit! Don't you think I'm getting smarter every day? 'Smarty, smarty, smarty, thought she had a party ——' " Callie was off on one of her favorite ditties.

"Callista! Callista!" Mrs. Milton's voice was calling.

"Coming, Grandmother!" called Callie, starting hurriedly for the door, "Golly—I mean, gracious! She told me to put my playroom cupboard in order, and I forgot when I heard the mail man's horn. I'll bet she looked for me in the cupboard, and I wasn't there. 'Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, to get her ——' "

"Callista!" The voice was nearer.

"Yes, Grandmother," said Callie, very meekly, and with a hop, skip and jump, all decidedly characteristic of Callie, she was out of the room and in Grandmother Milton's arms.

Callie was Grandmother Milton's special charge. Under the old gentlewoman's guidance and tutelage, Callie was blossoming into

lovely girlhood. No stranger, seeing her then and now, would have believed that this was the same child who had come to Rose Gables two years before. Then she had been an impudent, ragged, dirty, uncouth gamin. But, if Rose Gables and Grandmother Milton had transformed Callie, no less had Rose Gables and Callie transformed Grandmother Milton. She who had been prim, stifflly starched and unbending, resolutely keeping her skirts and her company from the "riff-raff" represented by the three Clark children, was now a warmly human and very lovable person. "The alchemy of love," Mary Rose called it, when watching these two, the child and the old woman, so tenderly devoted one to another.

Mary Rose, still smiling, opened her mother's letter. Reading a few lines, she spoke wonderingly. "It's just as though Mumsey heard my S.O.S.!" For what her mother wrote fitted amazingly into the thoughts which Callie's coming had interrupted.

"Dear big daughter: Are you surprised to get another letter from me today, pressing close upon the heels of the one I wrote you day before yesterday? Well, for this there

is a reason. You may not realize it, darling, but Daddy and I have been greatly worried about you. You have been looking pale and tired, and I am sure my eyes did not deceive me when they told me that you are losing weight. This, my darling, will never do. So Daddy and I have been holding council, and we have both agreed in this opinion: for a while, at least, you must come home. Now don't throw up your hands in dismay. I know, and so does Daddy, that Rose Gables is not able to run itself, and that yours is the hand that holds the helm. We know, too, that spring is the beginning of the farm's busiest season, and that you will not like to add to the burdens of Al, faithful and capable though he is. But I've been saying some extra prayers, darling, and I do believe that we have a heaven-sent solution to your problem. Day before yesterday—the same day I wrote you —Daddy was in Delphos on business, and whom did he meet on the street but Kathleen McCarthy! You remember that she did not return to school this year because of an illness she had early in the summer. She is at home, she told your father, at loose ends, and anxious

to be doing something. She was envying you your work when Daddy had the great inspiration, and asked her if she would consider taking your place for a few weeks while you took a vacation. Dear, she will be delighted—and is even now awaiting a wire from you, bidding her come. 'Tell Posey,' she said, 'that I'll have my toothbrush and boudoir slippers packed and waiting.' A week with you will suffice to give her an insight into the routine and management of the Gables, and after that, with Lizzie and Al to help, I am sure she will manage nicely. All the Rose Gables family will be glad to coöperate with her, and let you get the rest you deserve and need before the fresh air children descend upon the Gables. So, dearest, come home, not only for your own sake, but for ours. I am lonely for you, dear Posey-mine. I am selfish enough to want you to myself for a while. There is a vacant place in our home which only my dear elder daughter can fill. You know, even old birds—such as Daddy and I are getting to be—grow lonely when their fledglings, one by one, fly from the nest. Come home, dear, to your Mumsey."

"Dear Mumsey!" said Mary Rose, "She

is lonely. Yes, I'm going! There never was a more capable person anywhere in the world than Kathleen McCarthy. Certainly there is no one to whom I can so cheerfully intrust Rose Gables and its multitudinous duties. Kay does things with ease and a smile. She will do all I have done, and more—for she has a head for figures, and will be able to keep her own books without calling for help. I'll telegraph her today, and she'll be here tomorrow. And I'll telephone to Mumsey. A letter is too slow. Half the fun of my homecoming will be missing for her if she doesn't have plenty of time to turn the house inside out and dust it, and bake enough for threshers before I arrive. Goodness! I haven't been so excited and happy in weeks and weeks! I'm going to hunt up Hedda and Lizzie and Grandma and tell them I'm going home!"

And, looking and feeling brighter than in months, Mary Rose went, humming, to the kitchen.

CHAPTER III

Bob Paints

MRS. ENSLEY turned from the telephone with a contented smile.

"Bess," she said, "your sister is coming home next week. Go and call Bob, and tell him he must get to his task of painting her room at once. I want it to be well-dried, and the paint odor out before she has to sleep there. He begged me to let him do the painting, and I promised, but the enamel has been on the storeroom shelf for a month. Ever since it's turning spring, all that boy thinks of after school hours is going fishing. He's either rigging up lines, sitting on the creek bank, or hunting for bait."

"That's what he's doing now," said Bess, with a shudder for what was, to her, a most unsavory task. "He's back in Smith's clearing with Pat Clanrahan, hunting grub worms. Ugh! How I hate 'em! Posey coming? Oh,

Mumsey!" Bess's serious eyes shone with joy. "Now, Bernadette Soubirous," picking up her favorite doll to address her confidentially, "you shall have a wardrobe that *is* a wardrobe. Posey is just the finest doll dressmaker in the world! All the dresses I make you are too big in the neck, and too hikey in the back—and my buttonholes are terrible. But my Rosey-Posey makes them very fashionable, and if they're hikey in spots when she makes them, it's 'cause that's the style and not an 'axledent.' "

"Dear," reminded her mother, gently, "I asked you to do something."

"Yes'm. 'Scuse me, please. I forgot. I'll hurry, Mumsey." And, carefully replacing Bernadette Soubirous in her crib, Bess, who was still as chubby, dimpled and thoroughly feminine at eight as she had been at two, went with the sweet air of dignity that was all her own to the neighboring woodlot to summon her brother.

"Crickety!" Bobby dropped a fat white worm into his can of sawdust, straightened from his task, and wiped his hands on his overalls. "Posey coming next week? Gee-roo-sa-

lem! Hi, Skinny!" to his helper in the farther corner of the field, "I gotta quit and go paint!"

Ten minutes later he was busy lugging up from the basement sundry cans of enamel, bottles of turpentine, and cans of soaking brushes. Another five minutes, and there was an exodus of furniture from Mary Rose's room into the guest-room across the hall. Out went everything, and up came the rugs. Then he was ready to begin.

"I don't know, Bobby," said his mother, doubtfully, as she watched her young hopeful rolling up his sleeves, "whether I should have promised to let you do this."

"Aw, gee!" protested Bobby, instantly. "I can do it all right, Mumsey, honest I can. Didn't I paint the chicken house, and the garage, and the back fence, and my tool chest? And Daddy said I did a fine job. What would you want to go and pay out good money for work like this for, when you've got me around?"

Mrs. Ensley smiled at his earnestness.

"Well, I've promised," she said, "and so, of course, I must. But remember that this is more particular work than anything you have

attempted, son. Please don't forget to keep the cardboard between your brush and the wallpaper, and paint smoothly. Don't try to go so fast that you don't do it well. What you don't finish today you can do tomorrow, and it will be dry enough for the second coat by the middle of the week. Mary Rose is coming home a week from tomorrow. I'm so glad this is Friday afternoon, and you're home from school early. Since it's quite a while until supper, I believe I'll run down town and get some new curtain material. Then, tomorrow, when my Saturday work is done, I'll start hemming and ruffling. We'll have our Posey girl's room all fixed up when she comes home."

"Must I go with you, Mumsey?" asked Bess, who had been listening. "May I please stay home and watch Bobby paint? I can stir his paint for him."

"You can keep your fingers out," said Bob, ungraciously. "What do girls know about paint? But I don't mind having you watch me," as Bess looked hurt. "Maybe you'll learn something."

"Pooh!" said Bess. "Guess I know better than to stir paint with my fingers. All right

then, I won't stir it. I'll just watch. I may, mayn't I, Mumsey? Oh, thank you!" as her mother nodded and smiled. "I believe I'll go down and get Bernadette Soubirous and Jane Frances Chantal, and ——"

"Go on," said Bobby, with a grin. "Bring up the whole calendar of saints." Bobby never failed to be amused by his small sister's habit of naming all her dolls after saints. "That's right. Let her stay, Mumsey. I might need something, and she can run and get it."

"Servant to the queen, I'll be," said Bess, importantly. "They call them ladies-in-waiting. And you're the queen, Bobby."

"Queen! Whoops! Her high liege mogul of a majesty! In overalls! Painting the palace! Whoops!" and Bob slapped his knees in glee.

"Oh, well, of course I meant 'king.'" said Bess.

"Nope," Bobby, the democratic, was firm. "You be a White House page, and I'll be President, but no 'royal highnessing' for me. Now watch attentively, page. The President of these here United States is going to paint a closet door just as soon as he gets this enamel

thinned. Golly, but that stuff's thick. Good thing I have a lot of turpentine." And he bent to his task while his mother, smiling, offered a parting admonition and went away.

Bob whistled as he painted. Bess disappeared, to return presently with a cohort of dolls. Battered, and the worse for wear though some of her older children might be, tender-hearted Bess never allowed one to be banished to attic or trash pile. The closet door finished, Bob turned with a flourish.

"There, page," he said. "Now what do you think of your President? Is he or isn't he a painter?"

"I s'pose it's all right," said Bess, critically, "but I don't see why it has to be painted. It looks just about the same as before. I think white's sort of sad and pale. It would be heaps prettier if it were pink."

"You're just like Cousin Maurie," said Bob, "got pink on the brain."

He stepped back, struck a reflective pose, and inspected his handiwork. Then his face clouded. "Believe you're right at that, Bess," he said, judicially. "It does look pale and sad. Now when I painted the garage and the chicken

house green, I could see where I painted. How can Posey tell this is different? Mumsey said the old enamel was sort of yellowed, but shucks! 'Tain't enough to make much difference. Tell you what ——" as a happy inspiration struck him, "I'll make it pink. Mums won't care. Bet she just never thought of changing the color. It'll be a dandy surprise."

"How can you," asked Bess, "when you have only white enamel?"

"Sh!" said Bob. "Don't, as Mr. Fenwick's colored gardener says, 'dispose your iggermance,' child. You're only a page, and I'm the President!" He hooked his thumbs behind imaginary suspenders, and strutted. "I'm a magician. I'm Aladdin. I rub a lamp, and white paints pink. Watch me, page, watch me!"

And, stepping high, and looking mysterious, he vanished from the room. In a moment he reappeared, toiling upstairs with another can of paint and a huge bucket. Bess watched him wonderingly.

"Behold!" He removed the lid, and disclosed the contents of the can, thick and slug-

gish and red. "Red paint," he said, "mixed with white paint, will produce pink paint. Who would have thought of that, I ask you? Who but a President? A queen, like as not, would have put in some beet juice."

"I'd have used fruit coloring," said Bess, quite seriously.

"Certainly," said Bob, "that's women. Now be silent, page, while I perform the miracle. I think there's just about enough red here to make that white the right color."

Carefully he dumped all the white enamel into the big bucket, and then added the red paint.

"This was a dandy red," he said, regretfully. "It's what I had left from my tool chest. I picked it out myself. I wanted to do my whole room this color, but Mums had a fit. Sometimes I think no woman appreciates real art. Mums likes everything pale, and girls like everything pink and blue." He stirred vigorously. "Now I've got it." He resumed his painting.

"How's that?" he asked, when he had finished a baseboard.

"It's—rather pretty," said Bess, striving to

be loyal. "At least, it is if you like that color. It's more reddish than pinkish, don't you think?"

"No, I don't." Bob was disgusted. "Of course, a girl wouldn't know that paint dries lighter."

"I didn't think of that," said Bess, humbly, feeling that she had offended. For a while longer she continued to watch, preserving a religious silence. Then, as Bob paid no further attention to her presence, she quietly gathered up her dolls and slipped away.

But, though he was so ready to defend his handiwork, Bob, too, was beginning to feel some doubts. The paint did look pretty red. It was, in fact, nearly as red as his tool chest, and that in spite of the amount of white enamel with which it was diluted. Perhaps, thought Bob, with inward qualms, he should have added the red more slowly, a little at a time. Was it possible that enamel and paint were composed of entirely different ingredients, which did not combine well? His mother called him to supper while he was still pondering. Carefully he locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"I'll tell them I don't want them to see how good it looks until I get it finished," he said to himself, with a slightly worried air.

At the table he ate little, refusing a second helping of dessert, to the surprise of the entire family.

"It's the paint," said his mother, in explanation. "It's taken away his appetite."

It had, but not for the reason she thought. Ever the boy's thoughts kept wandering to that flamboyant woodwork upstairs. What if it didn't dry lighter, he wondered, miserably. What would Mary Rose say? What would Dad say? What would they all think? After his mother had trusted him, and he had boasted of his ability. Wouldn't they laugh at him! Bess might tell that Rosy O'Brien—Bess never meant to tell secrets, but she always did—and then it would be all over town. Everyone would laugh. Why hadn't he left the stuff white? Why had he meddled? Why had Bess suggested pink? Gee, it was half her fault, and he'd get all the blame. But here his innate honesty asserted itself. It wasn't Bess who had suggested mixing the paint. He had thought of that himself. And he had no one

but himself to blame if it didn't turn out right. But what was the use of worrying, he kept telling himself. Of course it would dry lighter. Paint always did. But gee! It would surely have to dry a *whole lot* lighter—yes, indeed!

All night long he slept fitfully, tossing and turning, and mumbling in his dreams. His mother heard him, and came across the hall to his room, adjusting his covers tenderly, and laying an anxious hand on his brow. His father awoke and called, "What is the matter, Mary?"

"Nothing, really, dear," said Mrs. Ensley, "except that I'm a bit worried about Bobby. He didn't eat his supper, you know, and he sleeps so restlessly. Do you suppose he is going to be ill? I don't believe he has a temperature."

"Then it's nothing," said his father. "All youngsters run a temperature when they're ailing. Don't wander around at this hour, borrowing trouble. That young scamp's had everything there is to have. He has always stumbled into all the mumps, measles, chicken-pox and whooping-cough in town."

With the first faint light of dawn, Bobby was out of bed, dressing hurriedly. Shoes in

hand, so as to disturb no other member of the sleeping household, he stole down the hall to Mary Rose's room. Turning the key gently in the lock, he let himself in. Then he stood stock-still, despair written on his face. If the paint had "dried lighter" it was such a little bit lighter as to be scarcely perceptible. Never, by any stretching of the imagination, could the room be called "pink." It was red —a flaming scarlet, fairly shrieking at its creator. It was terrible.

"Gosh!" said Bobby, with abject misery in his voice. "Gosh, but that's red—redder'n blood! Looks like somebody's been committing a murder around here. Wish somebody had and I was the corpse. Guess maybe I'd be a lot happier right now. Gee, how can I ever tell them—how can I ever let Mums see this?"

His mother, searching for him at breakfast time, found him lying on the floor, his shoulders heaving with sobs.

"Why, son," she said, "I've been calling and calling." Then she stopped with a little gasp as the woodwork of the room sprang to meet

her eye. "Why, Bob!" she ejaculated, "Why, Bobby boy! What have you been doing?"

"Go on and give me fits," said Bob, in a muffled voice. "I've got it coming to me—I know I have. Gee, Mums! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I could die. I was trying to make it a pale pink, 'cause we—Bess and I—thought it would be prettier. And I mixed in that paint that was left from my tool chest. Oh, Mums! I bet you wish you'd never, never had a boy like me!"

"Hush!" said his mother, tenderly, sensing the tragedy that lay beneath the halting explanation, "Hush, Bobby!" She lifted him in her arms. "Don't worry, little boy. We'll fix it."

"They'll laugh at me," said Bob. "Everyone will laugh, even Dad."

Mrs. Ensley looked again at the violent walls, and a tiny smile twitched at the corners of her own humorous mouth, but she banished it instantly and sternly.

"No they won't, son," she said, "because they shall never know about it. We'll keep the room locked until you have all the damage repaired. But now it must have two more coats,

instead of one. And the weather will have to stay pleasant and dry if it is to be dry by the time your sister comes home. She may have to use the guest-room a day or two."

"But Bess will tell," said Bobby, with a glimmering of hope, "she knew I was making it pink."

"Well, then, we'll get pink enamel. Now lace up your shoes, and put on your tie, and get washed for breakfast. Daddy has gone to the office already. We won't mention this."

"All right," Bob straightened his shoulders. "You're a—a real brick, Mums. You're a dandy good sport, you are. But I'm not goin' to let you pay for my mistakes, don't you think I am. I'll buy the extra enamel it takes out of my bike money."

"All right, son," said his mother. "That's only fair."

"How pretty my room is," said Mary Rose, when she arrived. "New curtains, and a new bedspread, and—oh, pink enamel! Isn't it lovely! You'd think I was royalty, coming to visit."

"Bob did it," said Bess. "He made it pink,

like this, with the red from his tool chest. Mumsey was just going to have it white again. But this is a lot prettier, I think. I thought maybe Bob got it too red, but it dried lighter, just as he said it would."

"Why, you're quite a decorator, Bob," said Mary Rose, in pleased surprise. "I had no idea you did it. And it does look lovely."

Bob, who had been biting his lips during Bess's speech, now flashed a brilliant, mischievous smile at his mother, whose eyes were twinkling in serene enjoyment of the joke shared by just those two.

"Thanks for the bouquet," he said, "it ought to look swell, after all the time I put in on it. I put in more than I expected to. Ask Mums —*she* knows!"

CHAPTER IV

"Ask and Ye Shall Receive"

AND do not forget tomorrow," said Father McCloud to his First Communicants, who had just made their childish confessions, and were now assembled in the church for their final instructions, "to pray, not only for all those for whom you are in duty bound to pray, but also for yourselves; for all your wishes and desires, and those of your parents and brothers and sisters. God, when He comes into your hearts in the Blessed Sacrament, will be very tender with you. You will be His Holy Innocents when, garbed in your spiritual white, you approach the Holy Table for the first time tomorrow. It will be very hard for Him to refuse you anything. Do not be afraid to ask much—very much. Nothing is too great to ask of a God Who gives you Himself. Do not think that you are presumptuous when you approach Him with your pleas. It is Our

Lord Himself Who urges you, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Ask, seek, knock! God tells you to do so. And now, my children, go home, and make ready for tomorrow, your Day of Days. God bless you all. Remember me, too, in your prayers tomorrow, and I shall offer my Mass for all of you."

Bess, wide-eyed and solemn, followed Rosy O'Brien and Mattie McGinnis, and Cecelia Clayton, as they clambered over the kneeling benches, genuflected sketchily, and almost raced for the door. But she moved more slowly, and the others waited for her as a matter of course. All her playmates were accustomed to waiting on what Bob called, "Betsy's slow motions."

"Did you hear what Father said?" asked Rosy, slipping an eager arm around Bess's pudgy waist. "He says we get most anything we ask for on First Communion Day. My sister Katie says so, too, and my mother. I'm so tickled I could bust. I'm going to ask God to take away my freckles."

"Why, Rosy O'Brien!" exclaimed Cecelia, in grave reproof, "I think it's a sin to ask for something like that. I'm sure," primly, "that

we all understand that Father means spirit-chul things. I'm going to ask for something very spirit-chul, aren't you, Mattie?"

"Ye-es," Mattie was just a little doubtful if all her wants came under the category to which Cecelia referred, but she usually agreed with Celia. " 'Least I'm just going to ask for things that are important."

"Well!" exclaimed Rosy, indignantly, "I guess if you had freckles like mine, you'd think they were just about the most 'portant things in the world! And I don't believe nobody but God can rub 'em out, so there! I tried Katie's cold cream, and she was mad as the dickens, and the buttermilk that mama had saved for cookies and gave me a licking for, and laundry soap that took all the skin off my face, but left the freckles on, and I washed my face in the May dew. That's the time I got in the poison ivy, and couldn't see because my face swelled up on me, and I had to stay home from the ice cream social and Katie said it served me right, but Katie can talk! She hain't got freckles. And I'll feel a whole lot more spirit-chul if I hain't got freckles." Rosy was almost crying.

"We don't have to ask for just spirit-chul things, do we, Bess?"

Bess came back from the far-away place where she and her thoughts had been wandering.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," she said, "although I s'pose we must ask for them first. I think it's all right for Rosy to pray to lose her freckles if she wants to. That's a temp'ral favor, Celia, and we're allowed to ask for them, only of course we ought to say 'Thy will be done,' and not be disappointed if we don't get them, 'cause maybe God'll give us something else that's a whole lot better for us, only we don't know it. Like when I prayed for a new doll carriage once, and got a pair of roller skates. Mumsey said God knew I needed exercise worse than my dolls needed a new carriage, and Bobby said, 'Gosh, yes, what did anyone want with a doll carriage, and if I didn't move around more I'd be the fattest kid in town.' Bobby isn't very par-tic-u-lar about the English he uses. We can pray for anything, just so it isn't sinful. I'll pray for you, too, Rosy. I'll 'clude you and your freckles in my 'prayers for all we love.' I've got the

most things to pray for—and I've one that's just the most 'portant thing I know. At least it is to me and to ——" Here she stopped and put a finger on her lips, looking very mysterious and even more solemn than before.

"Tell us," said Mattie, eagerly, "I always like to know what other people want."

"That's 'cause your nose is so long," explained Rosy, seriously. "My mother says lots of people have noses that are too long, and they're always poking them into other people's business."

"Is that so?" demanded Mattie, heatedly. "Tain't any longer than yours, so there! I'm better-looking than you are, you and your old freckles ——"

"Sh!" Bess was shocked. "You mustn't quarrel when you've just been to Confession, 'n everything. Your nose is only a teeny bit long, Mattie, and it's nice and straight—not tip-tilty like mine. And Rosy's freckles aren't really very homely. Freckles are a sign of a good skin, Mumsey says. I wish I could tell you what I'm praying for, Mattie, but it's a secret. I can't tell you until after tomorrow.

Bob says I can't keep a secret, but I guess I can keep one that long, even if 'tis hard."

The little peace-maker left her friends at the corner, and went alone up the hill to the pretty white house nestling among the maples. So deep in thought was the child that Mary Rose, waiting for her on the veranda, had to call three times before she made her hear.

"Bess, you rogue!" she cried in exasperation. "Don't stand there mooning at the gate. There are so many things to do, and I must put the finishing touches on your dress and veil before I go to the train to meet the incoming relatives. Come, sweetness, come! Don't you know our baby is making her first Holy Communion tomorrow morning and the whole blessed Ensley and Merriman family is going to be here? Mumsey is flying around like a chicken with its head off. Yes, and a half-dozen chickens have, quite literally, got *their* heads off, and are cooling in the ice-box. Dear, will you please hurry?"

"Yes, Posey dearest," said Bess, putting two soft little arms about her sister's neck. "I'm sorry I'm so slow. I didn't think that you might be waiting for me. Yum, yum!" she

sniffed appreciatively, "doesn't everything smell spicy and raisin-y and chocolate-y? Is Mumsey baking?"

"No. Mumsey has so much else to do that Aunt Lina came over. She's out in the kitchen with her sleeves rolled up, wading in a sea of flour—and if you'll be very good, you'll probably get to scrape a half-dozen pans. Mumsey and Katie are polishing everything in the house, from doorknobs and mirrors to andirons and silverware. This is 'an occasion as is an occasion,' as Bride used to say—and you're the cause of it all, sweetness, the center of the 'doins.' Upstairs with you, infant, and to the sewing-room. Why didst thou dawdle on the corner?"

Bess' gravity returned. "I was planning my prayer for tomorrow."

"You doll!" Mary Rose stooped swiftly and kissed the sweet, serious face for the second time. Bess was such a baby. Mary Rose could never get over the wonder of it—that a little one like Bess should be making her first Holy Communion. How wonderful! And how beautiful! Mary Rose had been "twelve, going on thirteen," and known her catechism

from cover to cover for years and years before she was allowed to make hers.

"Suffer the little children, and forbid them not to come to Me," thought Mary Rose. "Oh, wise, splendid Pope of the children, who decreed that tiny ones like our Bess may approach the Holy Table! How Our Lord must smile to see them come!"

"I'd like to tell you about my prayer," said Bess, wholly unconscious of the solemn thoughts her naïve speech had evoked, "but it's a secret, and Bob says I can't keep a secret. So I thought I'd try to keep it until tomorrow anyway. Then, if you'd like to know, I'll tell you. And I wish you'd let Bob know I had a secret which I kept a whole day."

"All right, dear," said Mary Rose, as they arrived at the sewing-room, "keep it until tomorrow, and I'll be sure to testify for you. Here, let me adjust this. Now turn your head this way—ever so little—that's right. Hm-m! Too many gathers in that one place. There. That's fine. Now for the dress. I just want to be sure the hem's even before I sew it in—it's just basted now. Hold up your arms, Bess. All right. Now turn around, slowly—very,

very slowly. Wait a minute—all right. Oh, darling, don't forget to pray for me tomorrow, will you?"

"Oh, no! Why that's who my secret prayer —— Oh, dear!" Horrified because she had almost disclosed the secret, Bess clapped both hands to her mouth and kept them there, until Mary Rose was through with her.

"I'm sure," she said to herself, when her "finishing touches" were over with, "that the safest thing for me to do is to go to my room and fasten myself in for the rest of the day—or else plaster 'hesive tape 'cross my mouth. I just have to show that old Bob I'm not a 'tell-it-all,' like he says I am."

Morning, and Bess a vision in white, her innocent face emerging, flower-like, from the shimmery veiling. Aunt Ruth and Mary Rose in charge of everything, because Mumsey Ensley's fingers *would* shake, and her eyes grow misty.

"Oh, Justin!" she said, a hundred times that morning. "Isn't she adorable? And it seems it can't be true—our baby, making her first Communion—*our baby,* Justin! Dear, dear,

we are getting old, you and I—we are, indeed."

Then at last everyone was ready, and they were off to the church at the other end of town, the whole lot of them. Bobby, hurrying away at the first tap of the first bell, because he was serving. Lucky Bobby, who would kneel at the very Throne of God! Bess, too, the only one of them all who was unfluttered and entirely composed, going early, so that she might be "in line" at the proper time. Mary Rose, driving her over, and then coming back after Grandma Ensley. Grandma Ensley, come all the way from Colorado for the important event, leaning on her son's arm, and always getting the children mixed in her mind. Calling Bess, "Little Mary Rose"—"Ah, yes, Justin, to be sure, Mary Rose is grown up and this is the little one. How the years fly! well, I'm glad I'm still here, my boy, to see your last one receiving her God, and started well on the highroad to Heaven. Good children make the heart rejoice, my son. You were always a good boy, Justin. You deserve good children."

Daddy Ensley, very proud of his "little

white flower"; Mumsey, groping for her lost poise, and knowing that she was going to cry just as soon as they began to sing, "O Lord, I am not worthy." Aunt Ruth Rogers, who had been Aunt Ruth Merriman, with her two-year-old daughter Mary Janet, who promised faithfully, "not to talk in church, but to be 'as good as good.' " Half-a-dozen other cousins and more distant relatives, walking down to the church, or driving in from the country and neighboring towns in their cars. All the neighbors, too, Catholic and non-Catholic—the Smiths and the Beckwiths, the Davises, the O'Briens and the Hendersons—all the good, dear people. Mary Rose, lingering by the church door to wait for the members of her household who had walked, felt a tugging at her heart-strings.

"Oh, Friendville!" she said, softly, "never was village better named! Never was there such another place! Never such friends as here in my own dear home!"

Now all the worshipers were assembled in the church, and the little First Communicants were coming.

"Here they are!" Not a whisper—one

doesn't talk in church. Just a feeling. The soft scuffling of small feet at the door.

"I am so happy, dear Jesus,
Because Thou art coming to me,
Thy Flesh and Thy Blood to give me,
To nourish, to sanctify me."

Sweet young voices, singing. Sweet, beautiful procession. Dainty, white-clad, veiled little girls; cherubic-faced little boys, white-waisted, white-tied, white-ribboned; hands folded, eyes downcast—drawing ever nearer to the Altar of Him they loved. A lump in the throat of every grown-up, whose own first Communion Day was far back in the hazy past. Pride and humility struggling in the bosoms of the parents who had wrought to deck forth the bodies and souls of these little ones for this day of days.

"Glory be to God, isn't she beautiful?" breathed the mother of Rosy O'Brien, looking at the rapt beauty of the shining face, beneath its crown of smilax and sweeping veil, and seeing not one of all the disfiguring freckles of which poor Rosy was so acutely conscious.

And "Glory be to God, isn't she (or he) beautiful?" echoed every other mother there.

Bess, with Mattie McGinnis, because they were the shortest, led the procession—Bess, singing with her lips, and trying hard to pray in her heart, while her traitorous thoughts ran rampant:

"Keep your hands folded, and don't look up. Soon Jesus is coming to me. I am so happy. Mattie is lagging. Sister told her to keep up. Dear Jesus, I offer Thee all my prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart—dear Jesus, don't let me be vain and think of my flowers and pretty dress. I'm glad my wreath is white roses—I love 'em. Thank you for that, dear Jesus. Here is the seat—slowly, more slowly. I mustn't stumble over the kneeling bench. Mass is beginning. Now I must pray—pray hard until it is time to sing again. Dear Jesus, don't let my thoughts go away from You. Dear Jesus, don't let Rosy kick that bench any more—she 'stracts me so—dear, dear Jesus ——"

At last it was here—the holy moment when

God Himself came to earth. All distractions vanished.

"O, Lord, I am not worthy,
That Thou shouldst come to me.
But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.
And gladly I'll receive Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Or fly Thy sweet control."

The sweet, familiar communion hymn trembled on the air, and died away. Echoing it, the organ played hauntingly on. The invisible angels who clustered about the altar moved humbly back a pace or two, to make way for the tiny, white-clad, visible angels who came to kneel, two by two, at the very steps, and receive His Body and His Blood. Then Bess was back in her place. She prayed, prayed fervently. Prayers of adoration, prayers of thanksgiving, prayers of humility, prayers of love. And then the prayers of petition she had been hoarding. First *the petition*—the

great secret—whispered so low that only God, in her heart, could hear.

"Oh, sweet Jesus, this is what I ask above everything else. Make my Rosey-Posey as happy as she used to be. I can't bear to have her white and thin, and sad. Make her happy again, sweet Jesus."

Mass was over. All the families and the friends hovered near the doorway waiting for the little ones to come forth. There were kisses and congratulations. There was a humming and buzzing of voices. Then there was a melting away of the crowd. Everyone went home. And all the Ensleys, with the exception of Grandma, who was still kneeling devoutly in the church, saying her thanksgiving, and Daddy, who awaited her, went home, too. At the door of the white house Katie, the Ensley maid-of-all-work, met them. There was a moisture on her lashes, and excitement in her voice.

"There's company," she said, simply, "a visitor—for Mary Rose. No, not in the parlor, ma'am. I—I thought they wouldn't want to be disturbed. In the playroom. God be

praised!" She wiped her eyes on her apron. "He do make things turn out right for them that loves Him. He do, so." And she was gone, back to her kitchen, before anyone could say a word.

Silence fell on them. What if it should be? What if it shouldn't? Ah, they must not conjecture, but—here was Mary Rose, who had loitered behind with Mary Janet—Mary Rose, serenely unconscious of the tension that had gripped them all.

"There's someone to see you, dear," said her mother, "in the playroom."

And Mary Rose went to the door and entered.

The tall, khaki-clad figure, who had been so impatiently pacing the floor for the past half-hour, was at her side in a single giant stride.

"Mary Rose!" he said, picking her up in his arms, and brushing her hat away, "Mary Rose! Rose of my heart!"

"Tim!" cried Mary Rose, brokenly, clinging to him as though she would never let him go. "Tim, my Tim! They said you were dead! They said—oh, Tim! Is it you? Is it a dream? You're not going away again?"

"Never again!" promised Tim, solemnly. "Not without you, Mary Rose!"

The playroom door creaked gently, but they never heard. A rosy face peeped in at the engrossed two, then was quickly withdrawn. Down on her knees outside the door plumped the owner of the rosy face.

"Sweet Jesus," prayed Bess, "I thank you. And 'scuse me, please, dear Jesus, 'cause I ever thought maybe it would take weeks and weeks for you to answer a prayer for a little girl like me. And—oh, thank you, very, *very* much, sweet Jesus!"

Her mother caught her slipping out the side door.

"Don't go away, honey," she said. "We're all going to have breakfast."

"I'll be back right away," promised Bess, earnestly, "but, oh, Mumsey, please, *please* let me go now! First Communion prayers get answered so quick, and I just can't wait to see how Rosy looks without her freckles!"

CHAPTER V

Deteckatives and Flanthropists

SOMEBODY bought that place next door, Daddy," announced Bobby one morning at the lunch-table, "Lincoln's scraper was out here today, leveling it off, and they're going to roll it. What for, do you suppose? They wouldn't do that just to build a house."

Mr. Ensley twinkled his eyes at Mrs. Ensley and Mary Rose, and they promptly twinkled back.

"Maybe they're going to make a park of it, son," said Mr. Ensley.

"Aw!" said Bobby, unbelievingly. "Friendville is a park itself. What would we do with another? They don't make parks in little places like this. Do you know the fellow who bought it, Daddy?"

"Yes," said his father, still twinkling, "fairly

well. Mighty fine fellow, too. Man by the name of Ensley. Lawyer in town."

"Dad! You? *Did* he, Mumsey?"

His mother nodded, smiling. "He did!" she said.

"And what are you going to do with it, Dad? Tell us!" said Bobby.

"Sort of thought I'd make a playground for a few youngsters I know. Put in some see-saws, and a bunch of swings—maybe a slide or two."

Bobby swallowed a chunk of bread without chewing it.

"Gee!" he said, when his mouth was free for speech. "That hurt all the way down. Don't say such exciting things when my mouth is full, Dad! I might have choked to death. A playground! Gee! Swimmin' pool, maybe?"

"Well-l, not this year," said Mr. Ensley. "Going to let Mother have one corner of it for a rockery. But I thought we might fix up the old shack over there instead of tearing it down. Didn't I hear you say something about wanting a club house?"

"Gee-roo-sa-lem!" Bobby's eyes were as

round as a full moon. "Dad, you do think of the peachiest things. A club house for us boys! Say! Wait'll I tell the gang!"

"Just for the boys, Daddy?" asked Bess, reproachfully.

"I should say not!" said her father, playfully pinching her cheek. "For all of you. You can make this a mixed club, can't you, Bob? Maureen and Jimmie will be here next week, and Maurie will want to be in on it."

"Yes, sir," Bobby took the blow manfully. "I suppose we can make it a mixed club, but the girls are so little. Only, of course, Maurie thinks she's bigger than she is."

"Yes, and she'll blow up an awful storm if you leave her out of anything," said Maurie's uncle. "That young one has a will of her own."

"I know it," said Bob, ruefully. More than once had he and Jimmie felt the force of Maureen's will.

"I'm going to hurry up and tell Rosy and Celia and Mattie," said Bess, eating very fast.

"Say! How many do you think are going to be in this club?" asked Bob. "I want

Skinny Clanrahan, and Jack Clayton, and Wish Morgan, and Buck Henderson."

"Yes, and Jimmie and you," retorted Bess. "Six whole boys! Why can't we have six girls, too?"

"That's only fair, brother," said Mary Rose.

"But six *girls*!" Bobby groaned. "Little snips like them."

"Well, of course, if there's to be a controversy we can just tear down the shack," said Mr. Ensley, rising decisively.

"Gee, no! We'll get along together, Dad, honest we will," said Bob, "but that's a lot of girls. They'll have their doll things all over."

"No," said Mr. Ensley, "we won't have that. There'll be two rooms. You boys can furnish one and the girls the other. And you can respect each other's territory."

"Oh," Bob sighed a great sigh of relief. "Thank you, Dad. That takes a great load off my mind." And he began to emulate Bess's speed, in the same eager haste to get out and tell his cronies all about the new playground and club.

The "club" had its first meeting two weeks later. There was much diversity of opinion as to name and object.

"I move we make this a deteckatives' club," said Pat Clanrahan. "Deteckatives follow up clues. They find out things. Yes, sir, I move we make this a deteckatives' club!"

"Girls can't be deteckatives," said Jimmie Merriman.

"They can so," flashed Maureen.

"Well, I wouldn't want to be one," said Cecelia Clayton. "I don't think that would be fun. I think we ought to make this club a power for good in the c'munity." She had heard her mother use that expression and had stored it away in her mind for her own use. Now it was just what she needed. "Just finding out things is no fun. I think we ought to make this a flanthropists' club!"

Her brother Jack glared at her. "Flanthropist!" he snorted, from the depths of his superior knowledge as a member of the seventh grade in fair standing. "You don't know how to pronounce it, let alone *be* it. Do we *have* to have these kids in this club, Bob?"

"Ab-si-lootly!" Bob was firm. "Dad's

orders. Well, we got two rooms and maybe this club can have two branches. We can have the deteckatives' branch."

"Ye-ah. And they can be the 'Flanthropists,'" said Jack, with a derisive grin. "How's that, young 'uns?"

"That's all right," said Maureen. "I think a flanthropists' club is lovely. And of course we get to come to all your meetings, and hear your reports on the things you detect."

Jack made a wry face, but Bob said, "Of course," so what could he do? Hadn't they just elected Bob president?

"But I don't know what you'd detect in a sleepy place like Friendville," said Wish Morgan.

"That's where you're wrong," said Jack, the romantic. "Even Friendville has its mysteries and its skeletons in the closets!"

"Oo-ooh!" Bess gave a little scream and looked fearfully behind her. "Oh, Jack, where? I'm scared to death of skeletons. Rattle bones, and things. Mary Rose read us the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and I just couldn't sleep well after it. We flanthropists don't have to touch the skeletons, do we?"

The boys roared, and even Maureen giggled at literal Bess.

"Silly child," she exclaimed, with infinite superiority, "Jack doesn't mean real skeletons. That's just a—a number of speech."

"A—what? Oh!" Jack held his sides and shook again. "A 'number of speech'! Oh, that's good! You kids will be the death of us!"

"You mean 'figure of speech,' Maurie," said Bob, detecting storm signals in his smaller cousin's mutinous eyes. "Figure, not number."

"Bosh!" declared Maureen, grandly and not at all abashed. "What's a figure, if it's not a number? I guess I'm just about at the head of our arithmetic class, and figures or numbers, it's all the same. And if I want to say number of speech, I'll say it, and no old smarty boys'll stop me. Well, why don't you go on and tell what you're telling, Mister Deteckative Clayton? I don't think you know what you're going to detect, just beating around the bush, and making fun of people who are just as smart as you are."

Jack, feeling that by his impolite laughter he had provoked this storm, ignored it.

"There's lot of things to detect in Friendville," he said, "if we'll just keep our eyes open. I move that we write a lot of names of Friendville people on paper, and drop them in a hat and then we each of us draw a name, and start to shadow that person, until we pick up some clue or something. Then, in another week we'll have our meeting and make a written report, and if we haven't found any skeletons—" he grinned whimsically at Bess, "we'll draw another name and start over."

Bob looked dubious. Jack's idea savored of snooping and he wasn't just sure what his father would say about such a club. But the other boys seemed enthusiastic, and perhaps there wasn't any harm in the scheme. Anyway, it wouldn't hurt to try it for a week and see what turned up. Personally Bob would have preferred an "anglers' club," or a "baseball club," or an "Indian-Cowboy club," where he might practice wood-lore and rope tricks. As chairman he put the motion and its seconding before the club, and all its members voted "aye."

"Now," said Jack, "we'll each write three names and put them in the hat. The girls can

be in on this too. Since they're the 'flanthropists' they'll have to right the wrongs we find, so it's only fair to let them furnish some names."

With much chewing of pencils and scratching of heads the thirty-three slips went into the old cigar box which Bob donated as being better than a hat, because the names that weren't drawn this time would stay in the box until next time. And then, just as solemnly, each of the six boys drew one name, looked at it carefully, tore it up, and dropped the fragments in the wastebasket, while the five little girls looked on. Then "numbers" were assigned to the six detectives by the president, and the meeting was adjourned. The club would re-convene in a week.

There was an undercurrent of excitement at the next meeting. All week the boys had acted mysterious, going about with veiled eyes, soft steps, and low voices. Jack wore a detective's "badge" pinned inside his shirt pocket. Bob carried a magnifying glass, probably for the purpose of magnifying "clues." Wish carried a rusty old revolver which had long lost its trigger, but which, seen in an un-

certain light, or flashed hastily, was sufficiently terrifying to strike fear into the heart of any criminal. Pat Clanrahan had spent his last cent for a police whistle, and each and every one of them carried a pencil and notebook, in which he made mysterious, weighty entries, and which he was prepared to defend, if necessary, with his life. Now Bob called the meeting to order with a few well-chosen words and a mighty banging of the gavel, a wooden potato-masher which he had painted red. Jack was already squirming in his seat, and he got to his feet as soon as doing so was in order.

"I had a lot of fun," he reported. "Say, fellows, care if I make my report first? I'm simply bursting with what I found out!"

"You'll have to take your turn," said the president. "Operative No. 1, we will hear your report!"

Jack grimaced and sank into his chair, and Buck Henderson, red-faced, took his place. He saluted, and pulled out his notebook. Clearing his throat, he began:

"I have to report the shadowing of Calvin Davis, postmaster of Friendville."

Somebody laughed at the idea of shadowing

jolly, innocent old Uncle Cal, but Buck frowned and Bob banged the gavel in a business-like manner, until silence reigned.

"Report for Monday," read Buck. "C. D. had pancakes for breakfast. Went to the post-office at six-thirty A. M. Sorted the mail from the eight-ten. Got the mail-carriers started for the country. Looked under the money-order counter."

"What for?" demanded Jack.

Operative No. 1 glared at him. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't ask him, but I saw him do it." He resumed the reading of his report. "Saw me hanging around and asked me if I wanted a peppermint. I did. He wrote some stuff in some books. Talked about the weather to Lawyer Ensley. Gave peppermints to a lot of kids that came in for mail. Sorted the noon mail. Locked up the office and went home to dinner. Had smoked ham. I smelled it cooking. And green onions. I smelled them on his breath when he came back. Bought a bag of peppermints on the way back. Gave me another one. I happened to be there. Sorted the afternoon mail. Gave me another one. Talked to Constable about

the election and the weather. Sold some stamps. Sorted the mail for the three-ten and tied up the bag. Locked it ——"

"My gosh!" exploded Wish, able to stand the recital no longer, "what kind of a report is that? Didn't anything exciting happen? Didn't he do anything else? How many pages of that you got?"

"Twelve," said Buck, calmly.

"Twelve! Oh, me! Oh, my!" Wish held his head and the others looked limp. "What he had for breakfast on Wednesday and Tuesday and Friday ——"

"And Thursday and Saturday," helped Buck, "not to mention Sunday."

Jack was on his feet again. "Mr. Chairman," he pleaded, "I move that Operative No. 1 leave out the non-essentials of his report, and read the important things."

"Second the motion," yelled Wish, Pat and Jim, in one breath.

"It has been moved and seconded," said Bob, calmly, "that Operative No. 1 give us only the important things of his report on Mr. Calvin Davis, postmaster. All in favor say

'aye.' Contrary the same. The ayes have it. Go on, Operative No. 1."

"Ye-ah!" said Buck, in disgust, "and that knocks my report into a cocked hat, because he didn't do anything important—unless you count looking under the money-order table three times, and the third time he picked up a pencil, so I think that was what he was looking for. All my work writing this report was for nothing! Heck!"

Operative No. 2 took his place with alacrity. This was Jack.

"I have to report," he said, importantly, "the movements of one Nadine Alicia Cosgrave."

"Huh?" interrupted Bob. "Oh, you mean Nadey Cosgrave. Go on."

"I thought shadowing her was a joke," said Jack. "She's such a mouse of an old maid, and doesn't even keep a cat or canary. You wouldn't think there would be anything to find out about her. But I found out you can't always tell by appearances. For one thing," he lowered his voice, and all the children grew quieter, "she doesn't have very much to eat—just bread, mostly, without butter, and corn-

meal mush, without milk. She must be pretty poor. And I've been sort of hanging around, carrying water for her, and such, and one day she caught her neck chain on something, and it broke and her locket fell off, and flew open—you know that funny, big, old-fashioned thing she has hanging around her neck—and—boy! What do you think?"

"There was a picture in it!" cried Bess breathlessly.

"Naturally," said Jack, with a withering look, "and a picture of someone we all know. It was a picture of old one-legged Max Horner!"

"Aw!" Bob was sceptical.

"Fact! Remember the picture that was in the Toledo Sunday paper, with that story about him and his fiddle that girl that summer-boarded down here at Granny Turner's wrote? Well, it was that one. Just the face. Nadey must have cut it out. A picture of old Max. Isn't that good?"

"Bobby," interrupted the distant voice of Mary Rose, "Bobby! It's five-thirty—supper time!"

Magic sound, to the ear of a boy.

"Adjourned till the next time," snapped Bob, who understood he was having apple dumplings for supper. With one accord the detectives tumbled out of the club house, leaving the slow-moving philanthropists to follow. The girls looked at one another.

"How romantic!" exclaimed Maureen, not thinking of supper.

"Listen," said Celia. "Here, at last, is something for us to philamp."

And, whether or not they agreed with her weird choice of a verb, the others were of one mind with her.

"Nadey, wait a minute, will you?" Mrs. Clayton panted up the hill behind her thinner, spryer neighbor. "I want to ask you something. There's the queerest things going on in town. Has anything been stolen from your house?"

Miss Cosgrave cast her a startled glance. An odd light leaped into her eyes.

"I don't know what you mean," she said.

"Oh, then you haven't heard. Well, it's positively the oddest thing you ever heard of.

Monday someone took a half of a boiled ham from my ice-box."

A slow flush spread over Miss Cosgrave's face, but she observed a discreet silence.

"And Tuesday a lemon pie from the McGinnises. Hattie had set three of them out to cool on the back porch, and when she went to get them there was only one left. And the same afternoon there were two glasses of strawberry sunshine taken from Mrs. Ensley's, she tells me, just as the sunshine was about to be put away. And—this is the queerest thing yet—yesterday a kettle of potato soup disappeared from O'Brien's stove, kettle and all. Who would steal a kettle of potato soup? It looks like tramps, but there hasn't been one in town for months, the marshall says. I declare, a body don't feel safe in her bed with such things going on. So you didn't have anything taken?"

"No," said Miss Cosgrave, strangely, "I didn't have anything taken." And she hurried up the trim little walk that led to her neat little cottage, with never a backward glance, while Mrs. Clayton, too preoccupied to notice anything wrong, went on. Inside her kitchen

Nadey locked the door behind her, drew a long breath, and sat down in a bewildered heap.

"Heavens!" she said, "I'm certainly glad she didn't come in here. If this isn't circumstantial evidence I don't know what is. I don't know what it is. A Cosgrave in jail—oh, dear Lord, tell me what I am to do!"

There, on the table before her sat a wilted-looking lemon pie, two glasses of strawberry sunshine, half a beautifully broiled ham with tiny bits of clove dotting it, and a kettle of potato soup!

"I think," said Nadey Cosgrave, "I'm going completely crazy. Dear Lord, you'll have to show me the way out. I hain't got any mind of my own left. This stuff just walking in here like this—nobody'd believe me in this world, even though I've always been honest as day. It—it ain't just logical!"

And then someone tapped upon her door. She started as though she had been shot, hurriedly whisked the things into the cupboard out of sight, all but the potato soup, which she stuck into the woodbox and covered with a newspaper. Then she went fearfully to the door.

"Who's there?" she asked, quaveringly, "who is it?"

There was a brief pause and then a familiar voice spoke.

"It's Max, Nadey. I got your note, and I came right up."

"Max!" Nadey fumbled with the lock, "I never wrote you any note," she declared, as she got the door open.

Silently he proffered her a folded paper. Nadey adjusted her glasses, and her face turned brick red as she read.

"Darling Max—I am starving for eats, only not so much these last few days, and my heart is starving for you. Hasten up to the hill to, Your devoted, Nadine."

Miss Cosgrave burst into tears. "This is too much!" she said, "Max Horner! As if I'd write such a silly thing to any man! But it's all of a piece with all the other crazy things that have happened to me. Monday it was ham, and Tuesday it was a lemon pie, and Wednesday strawberry sunshine, right on the table beside my bed when I woke up, and then that pesky potato soup—and today it's you," and Miss Cosgrave sobbed outright, putting

her apron over her head and rocking back and forth in an abandonment of despair.

"Nadey, Nadey!" Old Max propped his cane against a chair, and put his arms around the frantic figure, "poor little girl, don't cry. I'm sorry you didn't write the note, Nadey—I —it didn't sound like you, but I'm sort of an old fool, I guess. I'd have asked you to marry me twenty years ago, if I hadn't slipped under that fool train, but I'm only half a man and you're so wonderful."

Nadey had ceased her sobbing. Anger had dried her tears.

"Stop belittling yourself, Max Horner," she cried. "You always were more of a man than any fellow in this town with two good legs. I—I've always lo——" she stopped, blushing.

"Say it, Nadey, say it!" cried Max. "Don't stop now!"

"I've always loved you," said Nadey, and for a long time she didn't say anything else.

And that's how it happened that Nadey Cosgrave became Mrs. Horner, and all the Deteckatives and Flanthropists got generous slices of the wedding cake, for, of course, mur-

der will out—and with Max and the marshal on their trail, there was nothing for the poor well-meaning philanthropists to do but make abject confession.

"It reminds me," said Mary Rose, laughing hysterically with her mother, "of the time I advertised for a wife for Pat, the janitor. I'm afraid my small sister takes after me. I wonder who wrote that languishing 'starving for eats, only not so much lately—and my heart is starving for you.' Mumsey, did you ever hear of anything so rich?"

"I think I recognize Maureen's fine touch there," said Mumsey. "Well, all's well that ends well, but Daddy has declared the club, in its present form, at an end. They are going to form an athletic club now."

"Thank heaven!" said Mary Rose. "The next venture might not turn out so well. I wonder what Jack will do with his badge?"

CHAPTER VI

An Alumnae Reunion

COMMENCEMENT night at St. Angela's. From the orchestra pit there sounded the slow sweet strains of the Melody in F, that time-honored institution to the measures of which St. Angela's graduates always made their appearance on the stage. Mentally, every old graduate in the house began to hum softly, transported in fancy to her own commencement night, five, ten, twenty—even more years before. Behind the curtain there was a rustle as of murmuring leaves. Back in the wings each graduate could feel the beating of her own heart. Then the curtain rose gently, and a soft sigh swept the audience. There they came, St. Angela's Seniors, progressing, one by one, from either side of the stage at the rear, meeting in the center with fleeting smiles, then facing the vast sea of faces that filled the auditorium, and coming

slowly, with shy dignity, down the tiers of steps to the very border of the footlights, there to make their slow obeisance, part, and go on to their respective seats on the stage. And as they came, bright, marching Youth, the "Old Grads" gripped their seats nervously, the while they felt quick, hot tears smarting their eyelids.

Mary Rose, who sat beside a youthful, white-veiled nun, high in the balcony where the nuns were wont to stay, reached for the hand of the religious, and squeezed it convulsively.

"It's so odd," she said, softly, "like looking in a glass and seeing ourselves. Even the dear old Melody—did we walk that slowly, Bride? Aren't they sweet—and young? Oh, Bride, were we ever that *young*?"

"Old lady!" railed Bride, tenderly, "sixty —or is it seventy? It's a shame to let you rob the cradle, honey. My poor, misguided brother Tim is a comparatively young man, and his bride-to-be is old, *so* old! Her wrinkles are deeper than gullies, her hair is whiter than ——"

"Vanilla ice cream," said Mary Rose. "If

I just shut my eyes, you darling old fraud, so I can't see your habit—and listen to your voice, I am young again. I am a brand-new boarder, greener than an Irish shamrock, and you are a red-headed angel, rescuing me from the depths of depression. Darling, how many tears, and how many lectures you saved me in the old days! You were always near me when I needed comfort—and to pick up the tag-ends I was forgetting. You straightened out my tumbled dresser drawers before inspection. You hung my duster on its hook. You darned my hole-y stockings. What did I ever do in return?"

"As a conscientious school-marm," said Sister Mary Agnita, primly, "I cannot tell you. You'd puff with worldly pride and burst. Not all angels take the veil."

"Listen," said Mary Rose, interrupting their reminiscences as the graduates began to sing, "isn't that *our* 'Ave Maria'?"

"It surely is," said Sister Agnita. "They sing it nearly every year. But it was written by our class."

"Even the veil," said Mary Rose, "cannot always conquer worldly pride. But that so-

prano who has the solo parts can't hold a candle to *our* soloists, Bride Malone and Catherine Casey. Oh, well, of course, there was only one 'Hoodoo Class.' I wonder how many will be at the reunion tomorrow? Weren't we lucky to get the sun-room, so we could have it right here? And the permission to have you with us?"

"Luck!" said Sister Agnita. "It wasn't luck. It was your eloquence. Mother Superior told me confidentially that you talked her out of it. You were always good at that."

"Yes'm," said Mary Rose, roguishly complacent because she knew that she had done that very thing. "Ah has my gifts, ma'am, Ah has indeed!"

"Sh!" said Bride. "There's the salutatorian. It's time for you and I to hush. This isn't *our* commencement after all."

The morning Angelus rang, "Ding, dong, ding! Ding, dong, ding! Ding, dong, ding!"

Mary Rose yawned, stretched, and opened her eyes sleepily, to meet the sorrowful gaze of the crucifix upon the white, pictureless wall.

"Why, where am I?" she wondered, only

half awake. And then the distant bell, and the sound of the jingling rosaries in the corridor without recalled her to her surroundings.

"St. Angela's," she said, happily, "and the nuns are going to Chapel."

Obeying the habit of years she blessed herself, and slipped from bed to say the morning offering and the three Hail Marys with which she always started her day. Then she dressed hastily. The whole day was hers at St. Angela's. This morning she could poke around into all the dear old corners, could follow Bride about her duties, could perch, as of old, on Sister Imelda's desk for confidences, could wipe glasses for Sister Michael, and dust for Sister Irene. She could, in short, be almost a little girl again. And this afternoon was Alumnae afternoon, with the dear old girls coming back. She hummed happily as she dressed, and slipped down to the new chapel in the wake of the nuns.

The morning went, even as she had planned, and at one o'clock here they were coming in —the precious old class. Agnes Flynn first!

"Imagine!" giggled Agnes, who was just a little breathless from going up stairs and down

again, "imagine me being first! Sister Boniface would never believe it—never!" Not that Sister Boniface would know now. She had been dead two whole years.

"And she would have loved the class reunion," said Mary Rose, sadly. "Dear Sister Boniface! Remember how she used to insist that the younger classes treat us with due respect? 'Will you *little girls* please step back in your places and let my *young ladies* pass?' And how grand it made us feel! Agnes, you're thinner!"

"For them kind words," said Agnes, with mock fervor, "lady, I thank you. No, I have *not* been eating lemons! This is from exercise. Did you ever try to cope with fifty children of kindergarten age? That's what I'm doing this summer. It's a sort of vacation school some Lady Bountiful started in our town, and it has just about finished me. Every day I have to play 'Farmer in the Dell' and 'Ring-Around-the-Rosy.' Children that age adore action games."

They were giggling over the mental vision of Agnes playing "Ring-Around-the-Rosy," when the others began straggling in.

Agatha Lord, Helen Jordan and Regina Haley arrived together. They lived in the city, and were frequent visitors at the convent.

"But where is Agnes?" asked Mary Rose, missing the other Lord twin.

"At home," said her sister, "taking care of the twins." Agnes had been the first class bride, and had been married in her graduating gown.

"Twins!" shrieked Mary Rose.

"Yes, twins. Gracious, didn't you know? I've been an auntie for four months. It's much more exciting having twins than being one, Sis says. Twins are so inconsiderate. When Junior sleeps, Jane cries, and when Jane sleeps, Junior howls—and as a result poor Agnes doesn't sleep at all. But they're beautiful, aren't they, Helen? And when I dress them up and take them perambulating down the avenue I'm so proud I could weep. I want to shout at the world, 'Look at them, look at the beautiful darlings! And *I* am their aunt, and Jane looks exactly like me—exactly!' "

"As modest as ever, you see," said Helen. "Where's our Sister Agnita? Oh, here she is. Here, honey," handing her a box of candy, "we

brought the usual offering. It's sea-foam. You ought to love me. I was beating egg-whites for that at twelve-thirty A.M."

"Oh, thanks," said Bride, smiling. Then she hefted the package gravely, and looked reproachful. "Isn't this a smaller box than you brought me the last time?" she asked.

"Mercenary wretch!" cried the donor, "next time I'm going to hunt a half-pound box, and see how you like that. Here are the Felton girls! Did you notice that Felice is wearing a diamond as big as a turnip? Mart Kinney, of course. See how quickly he forgot you, Bride. Ooo-hoo!" she called out the window, "hurry up, you two. Here we are, in the sun-room."

And so they continued to come, voluble with banter, and pregnant with laughter, until fifteen of the original twenty-five were assembled. There was a sober interval while Kathleen, who had been class secretary, called the roll. Of the ten absentees, two, Ann Corrigan and her chum, Ruth Martin, were dead; three more, Agnes Lord, Eloise Manley and Eileen were busy with the cares of a family; and

Mary Lou was now Sister Mary Gertrude of the Sisters of Mercy.

"So there are only four, really, who ought to be here and are not," said Kay. "You see what a loyal old crowd we have. I venture to say, without any inquiring, that there is not another class in the school which has three-fifths of its original membership present."

"Oh, the Hoodoo Class is a good old class," Sister Agnita hummed softly.

"And a happy bunch are we!" swelled the chorus: school-teachers, business girls, housewives, society girls and trained nurses—all, for the time being, once more St. Angela's seniors. Mother Superior, peeping in the door, smiled and withdrew. They were having too good a time to be interrupted. Later she would return to greet them all.

There followed two flying hours of chatting and reminiscences.

"Do you remember ——" asked someone, whenever the conversation lulled, and then they were off again. They resurrected old songs, old jokes, old poems. Mary Rose, with glowing cheeks, recited reams of poetry from her old "Spasm Book," and then, at their

earnest request, repeated the class prophecy with which she had entertained them at the banquet, five years before.

"It's like our commencement gowns," said Margaret Mary Mulligan, wiping away something that might have been a tear when she had finished. "They fitted beautifully five years ago, but they're all wrong now."

"And now," said Kathleen, with a little smile when the prophecy was over, "we have other business on hand!"

Only Mary Rose looked puzzled. All the others wore knowing smiles that broadened as they disappeared into various places and then reappeared, laden with tissue-wrapped packages.

"You have to make the speech, Genevieve," said Kay. "After all, this was your idea."

"I think it was an unanimous idea," said Genevieve, "but I enjoy taking the credit. And my speech is all prepared. But I had an awful time doing it, because I lack our Posey's facile pen. However, here it is."

She made a funny, awkward little bow and faced Mary Rose.

"Dear Posey, though you live far away,
We think about you night and day.
And rumors say you soon will wed
An Irishman with hair so red;
So we just thought we'd have a shower
To help you in your trying hour:
A little shower of pots and pans,
Of waffle irons, and 'lectric fans,
And rolling pins, to keep in trim
That Irishman we know as Tim.
A shower of wishes, too, my dear,
For every day of every year,
For happiness for him and you,
Of all we know the finest two!"

"Oh!" Mary Rose was blushing and laughing, and of half a mind to cry a little, too. The others were clapping and laughing, and piling the packages around her, knee deep.

"Why, Genevieve," said Helen, "we never knew you had it in you."

"Oh, I helped," said Felicity, airily, "I'm really the one who is the family poetess. Well, Mary Rose?"

"But what do I *do*?" demanded that young

lady, for once in her life in dire, embarrassed confusion.

"You open them," said Sister Agnita, "every single package, just as if it were your birthday."

With shaking hands Mary Rose obeyed. Everything popped out of those packages. An electric waffle iron; a waterless cooker; an electric percolator; a toaster; heat-proof glass baking dishes; a casserole. Their owner gave a cry of delight as she came to each one. When she was finished, she was nearly buried in cooking utensils and tissue-paper wrappings.

"Speech! Speech!" demanded the girls.

"But I'm overwhelmed," said Mary Rose, seriously. "I think you're all wonderful and dear, and I can't say 'thank you' loud enough. I think there's everything here I'll ever use in my kitchen. I suppose now I'll have no excuse for feeding my husband from tin cans. I can keep cool at my work, too—why no, I can't, either! Genevieve Felton, where are those electric fans you mentioned?"

"I knew it!" said Genevieve. "I *knew* it! I told you, Felicity, we shouldn't put that in. You thought of it."

"Well," said Felice, "we had to have something that rhymed. Now, Mary Rose, as one fellow-poet to another, I ask you, how can you make 'percolator' rhyme with 'pans'? It simply can't be done. So we just used a little poetic license, and called the percolator an electric fan! Was that all right?"

"Oh, perfectly all right," said Mary Rose, gravely. "Bride dear, would you mind telephoning to Tim and asking him to bring a truck around? I've a little baggage to take home with me!"

The last bright-hued dress fluttered out the portals of the auditorium. Alumnae day was over. The last farewells echoed in the corridors. The old grads and the new grads were going home. Sister Mary Agnita, lingering on the steps, to wave at her departing classmates, smiled at the echo of the new grads' farewell ——

"Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, we're on our homeward way.

Do not weep, St. Angela's, do not weep, St. Angela's,
Do not weep, St. Angela's, we'll all return some day."

Still smiling, she crossed the yard to the chapel. Forevermore St. Angela's was home to her, and she was well-content to stay.

Mary Rose, riding down the avenue with Tim, slipped a hand through his arm, and sighed happily.

"It's been the loveliest day, Tim," she said. "The kind that comes only once in a lifetime. And oh, Tim!" she cast an ecstatic eye upon the packages that filled the rear seat of the car, "you ought to see the things they gave me! An electric waffle iron—we'll have waffles for breakfast every morning. And an electric fan—no, I mean a percolator—and the loveliest baking set with a glass rolling pin ——"

"That's enough," said Tim, "tell me no more. My head aches already. Rolling pin, is it? Wurra, wurra! What news for a prospective benedict! Wife laying in her ammuni-

tion before the ceremony! I don't believe I'll get married, after all."

"I'd like to see you get away now," said Mary Rose.

CHAPTER VII

"For the Pottses"

THEY got off the milk-train one morning in July. There were seven of them—five children, all blowsy-headed, all barefoot, all dirty of face, and all of them with their clothing in various stages of disrepair. Their mother, who was very stout, wore a wrinkled voile dress that gaped at the seams, and a hat with a red rose that had once been gaudy, but was now only faded; the father was a lanky, loose-jointed, voluble and bleary-eyed individual. They had come, it seemed, from nowhere in particular; they had no particular reason for coming; and their destination was of little moment. Sufficient unto the day was the fact that they were here. Nonchalantly they lounged about the station platform, quite unmindful of the fact that they and their "belongings" were the cynosure of all eyes. "Mom" even removed her shoe to rest a tired

corn, while "Pop" made inquiries: "Was there a good, cheap house for rent in town?"

There was, so he was informed, no such thing. There was, in fact, but one empty house in Friendville, and that was the old Simmons place, which was rapidly falling to pieces. It wasn't fit to live in, and it couldn't be rented if it was, for old Ben Simmons had died fifteen years before, and so far as anybody knew there weren't any heirs, and the place wasn't worth "hiring" anyway. The town was going to condemn it, when they got around to it, and tear it down. There wasn't enough good lumber in it to make a chicken coop. "Pop" seemed disappointed. He complained bitterly to "Mom" that they had made a mistake when they had come to this "one-horse town." He declared, vociferously, that they would probably starve before they got away from here; that all the natives looked as though they had hayseed in their hair; and vowed that he wouldn't live in the place "on a bet." And then he and "Mom" and the whole family of children gathered up their "furniture"—the bird cage that contained a drooping canary, the sad-looking hound dog in a wooden crate, and the four

battered suitcases that might and probably did contain just anything, and trailed down the street, while the smaller elements of the populace trailed along behind them to see what they were going to do. And what did they do but move into the Simmons property, without saying so much as "by your leave"—and indeed, old Ben being so long dead, there didn't seem to be anyone to whom it was necessary to say it. And having moved in, they immediately became a town problem.

One learned more about them from the children. Children fraternize easily. The five Potts children were named after flowers—Carnation, Dahlia, Petunia, Gladiolus and Jack-in-the-Pulpit—and Carnation, who was the eldest, did most of the talking. It was Carnation who told how they happened to come to Friendville.

"Pop was just sick of where we was livin'," she explained, "so he came home and said, 'Pack up, Mom, we're movin' on!' And he went down to the depot and plunked down all the money he had and said, 'How far'll that take me and the family? Give me a ticket for

there!' And we're here," she finished proudly, "though Pop says we got stung."

"And I'm not sure," said Mr. Ensley, when Bess and Maureen retailed this conversation at home, "that Friendville isn't stung even worse than he is. They haven't any furniture; the children haven't any clothes; so far as I know all they have to eat is what we and the neighbors send in; and so far as I can see neither the father nor the mother has a particle of ambition. When someone offers him a lawn to mow he complains of a 'crick' in his back, and when someone offers his wife cleaning or a washing to do she moans about her 'delicate health.' "

"It looks like a job for the 'Philanthropists,' " said Mrs. Ensley, with a smile. "I'm afraid you turned into an 'athletic club' too soon, children."

"Well, I don't know why we couldn't do something about it, anyway," said Cecelia, when Maureen reported her aunt's remark. "Even if we are an athletic club, we can still be a power for good in the c'munity. What the Pottses need is lots of money for new furniture, and stuff to eat, and new clothes

and things. Why, that poor Petunia hasn't a single starched petticoat—not one! Couldn't we give a show and make some money for them?"

"We made only fifteen cents the last time we gave one," said practical Bess, "and that wouldn't go very far with the Pottses. It wouldn't buy even a batch of soap!"

"And goodness knows they need a lot of that," said Maureen, sagely. "I don't think Jackie knows what it is. Couldn't we have an ice cream social?"

"I know!" said Bess. "The most money our church made last year was on the chicken supper. That's what we'll have—a chicken supper. Everybody likes chicken."

"But it takes such a lot of chickens," said Rosy O'Brien, dubiously. "It takes three just for our family. Where'll we get all the chickens? And besides, it takes heaps of other things—cakes and coleslaw, and pickles and potatoes, and fruit salad and rolls, and butter ——"

"Oh, that's easy," said Bess. "We'll just s'licit for them. Most everybody will give when they know it's for the Pottses. I guess

everybody in this town is worrying about them. Maybe we can get enough money to fix up the house a little bit, too. They haven't even gathered up the plastering yet, and it's all over the floor. Dahlia says, 'What's the use? There's just some more falls down.' And her Mom is reading a story called 'The Shop-Girl's Dream," and she isn't going to do any work until she finishes it. Her Mom's great for reading, and it makes her nervous to have a story on her mind, and not know which one of the suitors the beautiful shop-girl—her name is Clementine St. Clair—is going to marry. Dahlia thinks it will be the poor, but honest one, and then the rich one, who is a deep-dyed villain with piercing eyes, will hatch some dy-a-boll-a-kle scheme, and maybe kill them both! It sounds like a very int'resting story."

"But where'll we s'licit?" asked Rosy, who wasn't interested in stories of any kind.

"Oh, everywhere," said Bess. "If we get the boys to help us we can take Clanrahan's pony cart and go out in the country. Farmers have lots of chickens. We'll just ask them

for them—and we can advertise the chicken supper at the same time."

"And we'd better not tell anyone about it until we see if we're going to get enough to eat," said Maureen.

So the athletic club, for a whole week, neglected fields and club house, and roamed abroad, the boys doing the driving, the girls doing the talking. They were convincing talkers, it seemed, for at the end of the week they approached Mary Rose.

"We've just done the whole country," explained Bess, "and we have sixty-two chickens promised, and two bushels of cabbage, and fifteen pounds of butter, and a lot of pickles and two bushels of potatoes."

"Merciful goodness!" cried Posey, aghast. "What are you talking about, child? You've 'done the country?' Sixty-two chickens promised? Promised for what?"

"For the chicken supper," said Bess. "For the Pottses. We didn't want to tell anyone until we saw if we could get enough to eat. But we're doing very well, and we want to have it the twenty-sixth. Least, that's when

we advertised it for. That's Saturday night, and most everybody comes to town anyhow."

"A chicken supper for the Potts family," said Mary Rose. "Well, that's an idea! And you've sixty-two chickens promised already. Well, you youngsters *are* good. We'll put you on the next church supper committee. But who is going to cook the chickens? And where are you going to have the supper? Had you thought of that?"

"Oh, yes," said Bess, "we're going to have it on our playgrounds. There's lots of room. The boys are going to fix up sawhorses and planks for tables, and we'll trim them with flowers and everything. And you and Hattie and Becky and Angela are going to do the cooking. You're very good cooks."

"Shades of Cæsar!" Mary Rose collapsed, weakly. "Are we, now? Well, isn't that interesting? Sixty-two chickens and two bushels of cabbage, and two bushels of potatoes, and ——"

"We'll probably have more than that," said Maureen, "that's just what we got from the country. We have the whole town to do yet."

"I see," said Mary Rose, "I—see! Merci-

ful goodness! And I have come home for a vacation!"

"Well, of course, if you don't want to do anything for the poor Pottses," said Bess, aggrievedly, "you don't have to. But I should think you'd want to. Celia says Petunia hasn't a single starched petticoat to her name, and they need soap awful bad."

And Mary Rose, half-choked with merriment, promised to do her share for "the poor Pottses."

"And indeed, Mumsey," she said, "no one could refuse. I have an idea that this is going to be the most successful chicken supper ever held in this town, and every inhabitant of either town or countryside who dares to eat supper at home next Saturday evening will be anathema from henceforth."

There followed a hectic week, during which Bess, Maureen, Celia, Rosy and Mattie went on with their town calls, receiving innumerable promises of cakes and other edibles necessary to the success of the supper, and Bob and Jim, having successfully solicited the services of Marlin's dray during Mr. Marlin's spare time, of which he had quite a lot, drove about

the country collecting all the things already promised. It seemed, before the supper was prepared, that nearly all the women and about half of the men in the vicinity of the playgrounds were employed cleaning chickens, shredding cabbage, peeling potatoes and doing various other jobs—and when Saturday evening actually came, a veritable mob, armed with voracious appetites, descended upon the athletic club's grounds.

It was a scorching hot night. The athletic club, both male and female, perspired valiantly as they hastened hither and thither with enormous platters of chicken, huge bowls of gravy, heaped tureens of mashed potatoes, plates of pickled beets, beans and cucumbers, more platters of cake and rolls and whatnot, more bowls of slaw, creamed peas and salads —there seemed to be no end to the food or to the consumers. Mary Rose browned spring chickens until her face bloomed like a peony. Hattie Smith "dished up" until her arms ached. Clara Beckwith stirred and groaned and groaned and stirred, sliced cakes and heated rolls, opened fresh jars of pickles, and brought in fresh consignments of chicken to be

rolled in flour and find their way into Mary Rose's frying-pans—and Angela, who was a sort of glorified head-waitress, ran here and there, pouring coffee and water, refilling creamers and sugar bowls, and directing the athletic club, who were prone to climb over one another's feet, and all try to wait on the same table.

"Well, if you ask me," said Mary Rose, sinking exhausted into a chair when the last platter of chicken had gone out to regale the last of the thinning crowd, "I'll have to say it's been a grand success, and the Pottses are fixed for life. I shouldn't wonder if not only Petunia, but also Gladiolus, Dahlia, Carnation, Marigold, Pansy, Nasturtium, and any more there may happen to be, can have starched petticoats for every day in the week, and a couple extra ones for Sunday. As for soap, they ought to be able to afford a carload."

"What I want to know right now," said Becky, "is not how much money will the Potts family have, but who under the sun is going to wash all these dishes? There must be millions of them—and then they all have to be

sorted out, and returned to their respective owners. My feet ache so I could die. I wonder if Mrs. Potts and 'Pop' wouldn't come over and help?"

"I don't think they'll be able to," said Angela. "You know they got their supper free, and you should have seen them eat! Mattie gave them two platters of chicken, not just little stingy platters either, and they cleaned up every piece, and 'Pop' drank four cups of coffee, and I know that little one—what's his name? Jack-in-the-Pulpit—that's it—ate the whole fifty-seven varieties of pickles that were on the table, and at least nine different kinds of cake. If he lives until morning it will be only because there is a merciful Providence."

There was nearly three hundred dollars in the fat purse which Bess, proudly escorted by all the other club members, carried over to "Mom" Potts the next morning.

"That ought to go quite a way," said Mrs. Ensley. "I'm so glad you thought of the chicken dinner, children. It was a lot of work, but it is certainly worth it to have the Potts family off our minds for a little while. Those half-dressed, under-fed children have worried

me to death. Perhaps this will encourage the father and mother, and they will develop some ambition and get some work, and become respected citizens. Who knows?"

Who, indeed? The next afternoon, Bess and Maureen, with natural curiosity, strolled by the Simmons place to see how the Potts children were faring in their prosperity. Carnation and the younger children, wearing the same garments in which they had been clad since their arrival in Friendville, tumbled out into the yard with delighted shouts to greet them.

"Look!" cried Dahlia, pointing to a dilapidated automobile that waited at the curb, "see what Pop bought over to Bridgeton. A new car! He went over on the milk-train, and bought it and drove it home. It's ours. And we're moving!"

"Moving?" echoed Bess and Maureen, blankly. "Moving where?"

"Oh, we don't know where," said Carnation, carelessly, "but Pop says we want to hit Floridy before the cold weather sets in. Shoveling snow always makes the 'crick' in his back worse. Besides, he don't think this town

is healthy. Mom ain't been real well since we came here, and yesterday Jackie and Gladdy had a fever all day, and vomited something fierce. Mom thinks maybe there is some kind of hyperdermic going around. So we're going before it gets us. We're just about ready now."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Ensley, after the merriment and indignation over the children's news had somewhat subsided, "but your chicken supper served its purpose after all, kiddies. The Potts family is off our hands, not just for a little while, but for good."

"You'd better stir up the village fathers and get that old house condemned and torn down now," suggested his eldest daughter, "lest history repeat itself. Sometimes, when summer returns, migrating birds fly north again—and I don't believe I could stand another chicken supper."

CHAPTER VIII

A Labor Day Picnic

"WE'RE all invited to a Labor Day picnic at Cressy!" Clara Beckwith waved an envelope at Mary Rose, and called when she was still a hundred yards away.

"Splendid!" cried Mary Rose, "Tim will be here! Who is having it? Sue?" meaning Sue Barrows, a cousin of the Beckwith girls.

"Yes, and it's in your honor, my lady. I wrote her and told her you were just about to commit matrimony, and she wrote back and said we ought to celebrate. We're to bring the crowd, and they'll furnish the lunch. Did you ever hear of anything so easy? Not to have to make sandwiches and bake cakes, and work all day the day before. And Sue says they'll have fried chicken."

"I don't mind eating it," said Mary Rose, "but I fried so much for the chicken supper that I never want to fry another piece."

"We'll have all the old crowd," said Clara, "all that we used to play with when Sue came visiting over here, and when we were little. Didn't we used to have *fun*, Posey? I suppose Friendville children now have fun, but it seems as though we had the most, when we were about fifteen. Croquet by moonlight on our front lawn, with the boys lighting pocket flashlights ever so often to find the balls. Who plays croquet now? Our set has been in the attic, lo, these many years! And 'Run, Sheep, Run' over on the commons, and hot dogs and banana splits and tin roof sundaes and chocolate sodas down at Henderson's, when we were tired. And then in the winter there were always fudge parties and taffy pulls, and bobsled rides—wasn't our last picnic at Cressy a bobsled ride? That time when the sled runner broke, and Jim Fenwick and Paul Clayton took the horses and rode into town after help, and we were all so scared for fear they'd freeze to death on the road. It was below zero that night, and Jim did frost one ear. We hustled him right to Doctor Papa when we got home, and thawed him out. We'll have Jim Fenwick this time—he can take Hattie. And

Mama will take care of Vera's babies, so she and Johnny can go."

"And we might invite that good-looking young doctor that just came to town," said Mary Rose, slyly.

"Doctor Frost?" asked Clara, innocently, but blushing nevertheless. "Oh, yes." It began to look as though the unimpressionable Becky might be falling in love at last, and with her father's young assistant. "Now, let's see ——" she counted on her fingers, "we ought to have at least twelve from here. You and Tim—that's two. Vera and Johnny—four. Hattie and Jim—six. Dr. Frost and I ——" again the blush, "eight. And Angela and Lewis—when does he go back to school?"

"Not until the tenth."

"Then that's all right. They're younger, of course, but we can ask Johnny's brother Bill to bring Irene Fenwick, and they will be company for them, if they mind our gray hairs. And that makes just twelve. There'll be about three couples from Cressy, and that will just be a fine little crowd. Sue said she would plan lunch for about eighteen. And—oh, yes, I forgot to tell you, there're races in the after-

noon, and a ball game, and then a dance in the evening! Why, Posey, we haven't had such a fling in years."

"Not in years," agreed Mary Rose. "We've all been so busy since we grew up. It is so splendid of Sue to plan it. Write right away, and tell her we'll all be there without fail. If it rains we'll picnic in the woodshed, or in the attic, or just any place, but only a deluge will keep us at home."

It didn't rain. Labor day, although warmer than in several years, was an ideal day for a picnic, clear and cloudless. When the three machines, bearing the Friendville young people, drove up to the Cressy home of Sue Barrows, they were greeted with shouts of welcome.

"Welcome to our city! We're just loading the lunch," said Sue, directing the bestowal of two huge hampers in a Cressy car.

"And I smell fried chickens!" cried Jim Fenwick.

"And one of Sue's famous chocolate cakes," cried Vera.

"One? For this gang? I baked three!" said Sue.

"Hurrah!" cried Johnny. "On with the picnic, Sue. Where you lead us we will follow."

"Yes, indeedy. We'll go with you all the way," intoned Dr. Frost, with a deep bass which brought a shout of laughter from the picnickers.

"Bring out those thermos jugs, Tom," said Sue, "and then call Freda and Nell—they're powdering their noses—and we'll be off. It's a waste of time to powder your nose for a picnic, anyway. We've found the finest place for eating our lunch—cool and comfy, and that's what we need today. It's called Burning Springs, and it's only about twenty miles away. We probably won't be back for the ball game at the park, but we'll be in time for the races. Oh, yes, Mother, thanks," as her mother, coming out to greet the Friendville crowd, brought her a box camera, "I nearly forgot that, and I do want to take some pictures. And that reminds me—I haven't any films yet."

"We need gas, too," said Tom. "Think I'd better stop and get some."

"While you're getting the gas I'll get the

films," volunteered Tim. "What size does it take, Sue? One-A? Right-o! That'll save time. If we have to drive twenty miles before I get my chicken and chocolate cake, I want to slice all the minutes off the starting party that I can."

"Trust a man to think of his stomach," mocked Sue. "Thanks, Tim. We'll get our gas at Tom's father's garage, and you stop at the Central Drug. Then you can trail us to the picnic grounds."

"On our way!" said Jim Fenwick. "We're all ready for Burning Springs."

Dr. Frost's car, with a teasing honk, passed Tim's at the drug store, and Jim Fenwick followed him.

"Well, we don't mind being the last," said Mary Rose, philosophically. "We don't know the way anyhow. And if we're last, we'll have least work to do. Being the guest of honor, that's as it should be."

"Whither away?" asked Tim, tossing the films in the car and crawling back behind his wheel. "East, West, North or South?"

"They turned right," said Mary Rose. "There, that's Jim's car ahead. That's Hat-

tie waving. My, it is getting hot, isn't it? I'm glad we've only twenty miles to drive, and that the place is going to be cool and comfy when we get there."

"I, too," said Tim. "Plenty of shade, plenty of cold water, and plenty of eats—that's my idea of a picnic."

Laughing and chatting, they continued to drive, following the cars ahead. Finally someone observed that they seemed to be going a long way.

"Just what I was thinking," said Tim. "I didn't look at the speedometer when we started, but it seems to me that this is the longest twenty miles I ever drove. Sue must have been mistaken about the distance. Where is this Burning Springs, anyhow?"

"I never heard of it before," confessed Mary Rose.

"And of course I didn't," said Angela.

"Well," said Tim, "I suppose the rest do. Sue does, certainly. About the only thing we can do is to play 'Follow the Leader.'" And that was what he did.

Five minutes later they saw the two cars

ahead pull to one side of the road, and await their coming.

"Say, where is this Burning Springs, anyway?" asked Dr. Frost, when they pulled up beside them.

"How do we know?" demanded Tim. "We've just been following you. Weren't you following Tom and Sue and the bunch? Where are they?"

Dr. Frost looked sheepish. "We thought we were," he said. "We were following a car just like theirs, that drove out from the side street where Doherty's garage is located. But when we were back the road a couple miles the car turned off, and we saw that it wasn't they at all. But when we saw that you and Jim were still following us we decided we must be right, and we just kept going. But I think we've gone more than twenty miles. Doherty must have turned somewhere and we missed his going."

"Well," said Jim, "if no one knows where this picnic is we'll have to inquire. Let's ask this farmer up here."

"Burning Springs?" said the farmer. "You've come too far. Drive back the way

you came about five miles, turn left, and it's about three miles down that road."

They heaved a sigh of relief. "Not so bad," said Tim, "only eight miles. I suppose they are there and waiting. We'll hurry. I feel as though it might be lunch time."

"And they have all the lunch," sighed Lewis. "It would never do to lose them."

Back the road they went five miles to a turn, then left a few miles farther—three, four, five, six, and still there was no sign of Tom Doherty's car. Finally Tim, who was now leading, stopped.

"I think," he said, with a worried face, "either we've misunderstood that old fellow, or we've missed them again. Perhaps they went back to hunt for us. Think we'd better inquire again?"

"I think so," said Frost, "we'll try this next farmhouse."

"Burning Springs?" said the farmer's wife at the house. "Yes, you're on the right road, but you've passed it. It's three miles back. There's a big white farmhouse at the corner of the lane, and a red barn with the name 'Witherspoon' on it. People park their cars in the

barnyard, and walk back the lane to the Springs. It's a beautiful spot for a picnic."

The doctor, looking rueful, returned to make his report.

"Only three miles this time, eh?" said Jim. "All right, let's go. We can't miss it now."

But at the big barn labeled "Witherspoon" there was no car parked in the yard, and the people who lived in the house were not at home.

"And that's out," said Jim. "If they've been here, they've gone. And if they've gone, where have they?"

Mary Rose laughed, "Just like the question, 'How old was Anne?' " she said, "no answer really expected. Shall we go down to the Springs and wait for them?"

Tim looked at his watch. "It's two o'clock," he said.

"Two o'clock!" shrieked Vera. "No wonder I'm starved! Johnny Henderson, would you take your wife on a picnic, and let her starve to death? What I want to know is, when do we eat?"

"And echo answers *when*," said her sister. "I'm starved, too. There's no telling when

we'll find them, either. Perhaps they've gone all the way back to Sue's house. How many miles was that—twenty? It seems more like forty. If I have to drive forty miles before I dine, I'll pass out."

"And so will your esteemed brother-in-law," said Johnny. "Say, I saw a sign at that last cross-roads that said, 'Two miles to Frenchtown.' I never heard of Frenchtown, but maybe there's a restaurant there where we can get a bite to eat, and something to drink before we start back. I think we could all stand that. This heat is terrific, and it's certainly well past lunch time."

"Good idea," said Tim. "Angela looks pale." Angela, who was always delicate, did indeed look pale.

"On to Frenchtown!" said Jim. "That's our war-cry now."

But at Frenchtown they were doomed to disappointment. It was only a little country cross-roads, and there was no eating-place of any description. Even the general store was closed for the holiday.

"But Miles Halleck, that runs the place, lives down the road a piece," volunteered a

native. "Mebbe he'd come down and open up for ye, if so be ye wanted something."

Tim went reconnoitering. In something less than half an hour he returned with the proprietor of the store. The other masculine members of the party accompanied them into the store, and presently Jim came out with a half-dozen bottles of very warm pop, which he presented to the thirsty girls.

"This is all he has to drink," he said, "and he doesn't have ice except on Saturday night, he says. He hasn't much to eat, either, but the fellows are resurrecting something—I don't know what. Frost is the dietition. We're letting him plan the menu. The result of his planning will be out in a few minutes."

When the result finally came the girls went weak with laughter. Tim carried three loaves of very stale rye bread—"All he had in the house," he explained—and a pound of rather doubtful cheese. Lewis had about a dozen dill pickles, and an equal number of soggy bananas.

"I picked these out myself," he said, proudly. "And what's more, I exhausted his stock. He says he gets pretty well sold out

when there's a holiday following Sunday. It's a good thing there didn't happen to be two holidays following this particular Sunday, or he wouldn't have had a crumb!"

Bill Henderson carried two boxes of graham crackers, Johnny bore a case of strawberry pop, and Dr. Frost was nearly obscured from view by a dozen cans of pork and beans.

"He hasn't a bit of butter," he said, "but I think we can struggle along and make some sandwiches out of these."

"See?" said Jim, admiringly. "Didn't I tell ycu the dietitian was planning the menu? Who says he is a 'frost'? Who dares to say it? And now, if you're ready, let's hie us to a shady grove and eat."

They drove another two miles before they found a "shady grove." It was liberally infested with Canada thistles and mosquitoes, but it was the best they could find. Here there was another hitch, when they realized there was no knife with which to cut the bread, no bottle opener for the pop, and no can opener for the beans. Pocket knives and a small rock, skillfully wielded by Bill, solved these difficulties. Wild grape leaves were washed in a

nearby brook, and served as plates. Flat chips, carefully carved from a barked tree, became forks, spoons, or knives, and the picnickers dined with gusto.

"It may not be fried chicken," said Lewis, voicing the sentiments of the crowd, "but beggars can't be choosers—and when we're hungry even this kind of layout tastes mighty fine."

It was near five o'clock when they buried their dishes, burned their papers, and started back to Cressy. It was nearer six when they arrived at the Barrows home.

"Where, oh *where* have you been?" demanded Sue's mother, meeting them at the door. "Sue is distracted. They have been back here three times, looking for you, and now they've gone back to Burning Springs. Don't dare to stir away from here until they return. Sue wouldn't forgive me if I let you out of my sight."

"I don't want to stir," said Angela, sinking down on the porch steps, and fanning herself with a convenient palm-leaf fan, "I don't feel as though I ever *could* stir again. I'm not hungry—I *never* shall be hungry again. But

I *am* thirsty, and if someone will bring me a pump full of cold water, I'll drink it all. I've swallowed barrels of dust, and I've been bitten by forty million mosquitoes, and as young as I am I've completely lost my taste for picnics."

The Cressy young people, tired, hot and dishevelled, drove up a little later.

"Oh, there you are!" exclaimed Sue, in relief. "We thought you were gone forever. Where *have* you *been*? We're nearly starved!"

"Didn't you eat?" demanded someone in an awed voice.

"Eat? Of course not! We've driven around the country this whole blessed afternoon, hunting for you. When we got to Burning Springs and found you weren't behind us, we started right out to look for you, for we knew you must have missed the turn, and we've been looking ever since. What a picnic! *What* a picnic! What must you think of us?"

"It isn't your fault at all," said Mary Rose. "We shouldn't have lost you, but it wasn't really our fault either. We followed the wrong car. And we did have something to eat, and

you haven't. You poor starved youngsters, do get busy and eat."

"Oh, not here," said Sue, brightening, "it isn't seven-thirty yet. We'll freshen up a bit, and then go to the park and have supper before we dance a while. I feel heaps better, now that we've found you. And the fried chicken and chocolate cake are still intact."

"Could anyone have the heart to tell her that we're too dead tired to dance, and that we can't even bear to think of chocolate cake after all those dill pickles and baked beans?" demanded Mary Rose, on the way to the park. "Because if anyone could, I couldn't—and no one else did. So on, on to martyrdom! And smile, martyrs, smile! What a picnic! *What a picnic!*"

CHAPTER IX

Mary Rose a Bride

THE sun peeped over the maples in the Ensley front yard, and lo! he found the whole household astir before him.

"Well, I never!" said the sun. "Look at the early birds. Wonder what's going on?"

As though to answer his question, a few moments later Angela Merriman thrust her golden head from the window of her bedroom, and sang merrily, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on!"

"Angel, Angel!" remonstrated Cathie Casey, who was diligently brushing her luxurious hair. "Sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night."

"Expect to," said Angel. "I'm going to weep—rivers and rivers. A wedding is the most exciting thing, and Tim is a darling, and I know Mary Rose is going to be as happy as a lark—but just the same, when she is mar-

ried, she'll be different. People are always different when they are married."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Cathie, who nevertheless felt just a wee bit the same about it.

"Second the motion!" said Mary Rose's own voice at the door, "Stuff and nonsense! Angel, you silly thing! Getting married isn't going to make me any the less me, is it? You'll just have another place to go visiting, that's all. Have you seen or heard anything of Bobby? I want him to help me put some extra leaves in the dining-room table."

"Haven't you started to dress yet?" demanded Cathie.

"Goodness, no. I've been out in the kitchen dicing celery for Katie. Every few minutes she has to stop and wipe her eyes. You'd think this was going to be a funeral. Where is Bobby, I wonder?" And she whisked away, humming under her breath.

"She's the calmest bride I ever saw," said Catherine. "She actually *slept* last night! I lay awake for hours, and she slumbered on. I could have shaken her. It isn't natural to take your own wedding so calmly. What time is it? Seven o'clock, and she hasn't started to

dress yet! Isn't it bad luck to be late for your own wedding or something?"

"Well," Angela laughed as she began to polish her pink fingernails, "I don't know about the bad luck part but I do know they'll have a hard time having a wedding before Mary Rose gets there."

"Angela," said a hoarse voice at the door, "can you tie a tie?"

"I can try," said Angela. "That you, Bobby? Posey was hunting for you to help put in some extra table leaves. This the tie? It looks bedraggled."

"Sure," said Bobby, "no wonder. I've been trying to tie the blooming thing for fifteen minutes. It was brand new when I started. Something makes my hand shake, and I get the knot all wrong."

"*You* think you're the bride, too," said Catherine, calmly. "People can't see your tie very well when you're serving, Bobby. Your cassock covers you, and everyone will be looking at Mary Rose, anyhow."

"Yeah, I suppose so," mumbled Bobby, miserably. "But suppose I stumble and fall down or something? Then what? They'll look

at me, won't they? Gosh, I'm scared to death. Wonder how old Tim feels? Bet you a cooky to a doughnut *I* never get married—not me!"

"Well, I'm going down and press this tie," said Angela, "and you go and help put in the table leaves and calm down. Most of the things that people worry about never happen to them anyway, Bobby."

"You've never been a boy," said Bobby. "They all happen to me—every pesky one of them."

Angela was still smiling at his pessimism when she reached the door of the laundry room. Here she paused suddenly to listen. From within there came the sound of low, anguished weeping. Turning the knob she went in quickly.

Huddled on a chair by the gas burner was Bess. She was shaking with sobs.

"Why, darling," said Angela, "don't cry! Mary Rose isn't going away forever."

Bess lifted a tear-stained face. "Think I'm crying about that?" she asked, miserably. "I'm not. I'm crying because—because—look!" With a despairing gesture she turned her head and pointed to her hair. "Look what I did!"

Angela looked, speechless with horrified surprise.

"I was curling it," said Bess. "I wanted it to be as pretty as Maureen's. I never minded not having curly hair so much before, but when I'm going to be a flower girl, and march up the aisle right beside Maurie, and her curls are fluffing all over, I—I—I wanted mine to fluff, too ——" She was weeping again.

"But, dear," remonstrated her cousin, "your hair was beautiful just as it was, but I'd have curled it if you had asked me, and Aunt Mary didn't care. I'd have been glad to. But now —now ——" she hesitated.

"Go on and say it," moaned the little girl, "I've burned one whole side off, and I look like a singed cat. I—I'm a 'sgrace, that's what I am. And Mary Rose will be so 'shamed of me, and everyone will laugh."

"Oh dear!" said Angela. "Everyone in this family is getting temperamental. I'm just afraid to go and look to see what Maurie and Jimmie are doing. I'm glad I'm too old to be a flower girl and too young to be a bridesmaid. I'd be having jimjams, too. Don't cry, Bess. Wait until I press Bobby's tie, and

then I'll hustle you down to Jerry the barber, and get him to repair the damage. He'll make you as trim as can be. And I'll pin your wreath so it covers up the bare places if any are left. But for goodness' sake, don't cry any more. Your nose is as red as a beet. Run upstairs and bathe your face."

"All right," said Bess, meekly, giving her a hug as she passed, "oh, Angel, you *are* an angel!"

Angela came back from the barber's to find her Aunt Mary struggling with the fastening of her new gray silk dress. After getting this hooked, she lent a hand with Bess and Maureen, and then answered the appeal of Mary Rose's Aunt Ruth.

"*Will* you see where our bride is? We have to be at the church in thirty-five minutes. Her things are laid out and waiting, but that child is nowhere to be found. She was in the kitchen. She would help, although there were a dozen others to take her place. But Katie says she's been gone for ages. I'm at my wits' end."

"I'm going to be a nervous wreck when this thing is finished," said Angela, running fleetly

downstairs in quest of the errant bride. "Posey! Oh, Posey, where are you?" She peeked in all the rooms in the house, and finally heard a muffled response to her appeal.

"Here I am," said a voice, "in the linen press."

And there indeed she was, backed up against the shelves, shaking with laughter.

"I thought I'd have to stay here all day," she said, "I called and called, and couldn't get any answer. I came in here to get the napkins, and someone, I think it was Jimmie, went past and pushed the door shut, and then the spring lock caught. Am—am I too late for the wedding?"

"Not quite," said Angela. "But my goodness, what an almost—catastrophe! You'll just have to fall into your clothes. We were worried sick about you. I never worked so hard getting anyone married in my life. And you take it so easy, Mary Rose—you do, indeed."

"Well, I'm sure," said Mary Rose, "that that's the way to take it. Marriage isn't like measles. It doesn't just happen to you. You pick it out yourself. But I'm sorry you're so

rushed, Angie. Never mind. Soon I'll be Mrs. Tim Malone, and your troubles will be over."

In the meantime, what of the groom? Tim had been dressed since six o'clock. Even while Mary Rose was locked in the linen closet, and laughing over her plight, he was pacing restlessly up and down his room at Mrs. Heinlen's boarding-house, the only hotel in Friendville. While he paced, Pat Mulligan, who was his best man, perched on the edge of his bed, and laughed softly.

"Getting faint-hearted," he gibed. "You're pale around the gills. I'm sorry for you, Malone. I'm sorry as can be. But it's too late now. You can't back out."

"Oh, shut up!" said Tim, inelegantly. "I can't help it if I'm nervous. It's that long aisle that's bothering me. Yesterday when we had rehearsal I thought I'd never get up to the altar. And today the whole town will be there, looking to see if I'm pigeon-toed, or something. I don't know why they make the aisles so long in such a little town."

Pat laughed again. "Just thank your lucky stars that you're not traveling that long, long

aisle that old Mart is treading next month at St. Francis'. I never thought about the length of church aisles before. I'll have to be best man there, too. That's the last time for me. 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.' If that applies to best men I'll be doomed to bachelorhood." And he whistled a tune and walked over to the window where he stood, looking out with a serious expression in his usually laughing eyes.

Tim cast a quick glance at him, and forgot his troubles. Pat, too, had been in love with Mary Rose, and Tim knew he'd give the world to be standing in Tim Malone's shoes today.

"And I worrying about the length of the church aisle!" said Tim, in self-scorn. He squared his shoulders and grinned.

"Brace up, Tim," he counseled himself, "another hour, and it's all over."

But, once at the church, his nervousness slipped away like a discarded wrap. It didn't matter if the whole world was there instead of that tiny section of Ohio known as Friendville. Tim was thinking only of the girl he had glimpsed approaching the church in the Ensley car. He scarcely knew that he was

traversing the church aisle, until he was near the altar rail, waiting gravely for his bride. Nor did he see any of the others—the two diminutive flower girls, with their flower-like dresses, their "fluffing" hair, and their baskets filled with fragrant beauty; Hattie Smith, the maid of honor, a vision in blue gown and picture hat; Pat, gone suddenly correct and grave and unsmiling; the four bridesmaids, Cathie, Kathleen, Clara Beckwith and Margaret Mary Mulligan, whose bright faces and pastel-tinted gowns drew more than one glance of admiration from the assembled crowd. Tim saw only Mary Rose, serene and beautiful in her ivory satin and sweeping veil, white-gloved hands clasping her prayer-book, black-fringed eyes downcast as she moved slowly toward him. And then, when she was at his side, the fringes lifted for a fleeting instant, and her candid gray eyes looked into his—a long slow look of perfect love and trust.

A few minutes later Tim heard his own voice, steady and calm, and somehow exalted, repeating the solemn words:

"I, Timothy, take thee, Mary Rose, for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day

forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part," and then Mary Rose, her voice low but steady and exalted, too, echoing the promise.

Then followed the words of the priest, the blessing, and the putting on of the ring—and finally the two were kneeling in their *prie-dieu*, side by side, and the beautiful nuptial mass had begun.

Back in her pew, Mumsey Ensley, her mind in a chaos of love and tenderness, repeated with the priest the beautiful, wonderful prayers for the bride—the same prayers that had been said for her at her own nuptial mass a quarter of a century before—"Let her be honored for her modesty." "Let her be dear to her husband like Rachel." "Let her be well-taught in heavenly lore." "May her life be pure and blameless; and may she attain to the rest of the blessed in the kingdom of Heaven."

And then, when Mary Rose and Tim, kneeling side by side, as they would be for the remainder of their earthly lives, received their Lord Himself, Mumsey and Daddy Ensley, too, received Him, and coming back to their

seats, they prayed with the priest, "May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, be with you, and may he fulfill his blessing in you, that you may see your children's children even to the third generation, and may afterwards have life everlasting, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God, world without end. Amen." Only Mumsey did not pray in the words of Father McCloud. Somehow her tears blinded her, and she was unable to see her missal. But, oh, how fervent was the prayer she said: "Oh, God, keep my little girl good and strong and sweet and happy—God bless my Mary Rose!"

The sun, ready to drop over the horizon, lingered a moment lest he miss some of the fun at the Ensley house. There was laughter everywhere, and even the few tears that were mixed with the laughter were tears of happiness. The tall, fine young fellow who had been so timid about marching down a church aisle that same morning was now quite bravely tucking his new wife into his shining new roadster, and preparing to set out upon that most

hazardous of all journeys, married life. Before starting the car, he paused to unwire from the rear bumper a certain flamboyant sign, "just married," one which Jim and Bob had been long in preparing. He tossed it back at them with a laugh, receiving in exchange a generous shower of rice, and a half-dozen old shoes. Then he leaped into the little car, and they were off.

Mary Rose waved as long as she could see a loved, smiling face, or a fluttering 'kerchief. Then, at the summit of a little hill just out of town, she laid a hand on Tim's sleeve.

"Stop, Tim," she said, "stop and look. Isn't it beautiful? We're leaving Friendville in the heart of the sunset."

But Tim, who had no eyes for the sunset, looked down into her face, and laid one large hand on her slim one.

"Yes, Mrs. Tim," said he, "and we are going straight into the heart of the sunrise."

"God is good," said Mary Rose.

FINIS

(Printed by Benziger Brothers, New York)

BOOKS OF DOCTRINE, INSTRUCTION, DEVOTION, MEDITATION, BIOGRAPHY, NOVELS, JUVENILES, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY

BENZIGER BROTHERS

NEW YORK 36-38 Barclay St. CINCINNATI 429 Main St. CHICAGO 205-207 W. Washington St.

Books not marked *net* will be sent postpaid on receipt of the advertised price. Where books are marked *net*, ten per cent. must be added for postage. Thus a book advertised at *net* $1.00 will be sent postpaid on receipt of $1.10.

I. INSTRUCTION, DOCTRINE, APOLOGETICS, CONTROVERSY, EDUCATIONAL

ANECDOTES AND EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATING THE CATHOLIC CATECHISM. Spirago. *net*, $3.00

BOY GUIDANCE. Kilian, O. M. Cap. *net*, $2.00.

CATECHISM EXPLAINED, THE. Spirago-Clarke. *net*, $3.75.

CATECHISM OF THE VOWS FOR THE USE OF RELIGIOUS. Cotel, S.J. *net*, $0.75.

CATECHIST AND THE CATECHUMEN, THE. Weigand. *net*, $1.80.

CATHOLIC BELIEF. Faà di Bruno. Paper, $0.35; cloth, net, $1.00.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND EXPLANATION OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. Durand. Paper, $0.35; cloth, *net*, $1.00.

CATHOLIC CUSTOMS AND SYMBOLS. Henry, Litt.D. *net*, $2.00.

CATHOLIC NURSERY RHYMES. Sister Mary Gertrude. Retail, $0.25.

CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER, THE. Hill, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

CATHOLIC TEACHER'S COMPANION, THE. Kirsch, O. M. Cap. Imitation leather, *net*, $3.00; real leather, $4.50.

CATHOLIC TEACHING FOR YOUNG AND OLD. Wray. Paper, $0.35.

CEREMONIAL FOR ALTAR BOYS. Britt, O. S. B. *net*, $1.00.

CHILD PREPARED FOR FIRST COMMUNION. Zulueta. Paper, *$0.25.

CHRISTIAN APOLOGETICS. Devivier-Messmer. *net*, $2.50.

CORRECT THING FOR CATHOLICS. Bugg. *net*, $1.25.

DIVINE GRACE. Wirth. *net*, $0.40.

EXPLANATION OF THE BALTIMORE CATECHISM. Kinkead. *net*, ¶$1.60.

EXPLANATION OF THE APOSTLES' CREED. Rolfus. *net*, $1.00.

EXPLANATION OF THE COMMANDMENTS. Rolfus. net, $1.00.

EXPLANATION OF GOSPELS AND OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP. Lambert-Brennan. Paper, $0.35; cloth. *net*, $1.00.

EXPLANATION OF THE MASS. Cochem. *Net*, $1.00.

EXPLANATION OF THE HOLY SACRAMENTS. Rolfus *net*, $1.00.

FINGER OF GOD, THE. Brown, M. A. *net*, $1.75.

FOLLOWING OF CHRIST, THE. Plain edition. With reflections. $0.55.

FUTURE LIFE, THE. Sasia, S. J., *net*, $3.00.

GENERAL CONFESSION MADE EASY. Konings, C.SS.R. Cloth, *$0.50.

GENTLEMAN, A. Egan. *net*, $1.00.

GIFT OF THE KING. By a Religious. *net*, $0.75.

GOFFINE'S DEVOUT INSTRUCTIONS ON THE EPISTLES AND GOSPELS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND HOLY-DAYS. *net*, $2.00.

HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. WILMERS, S.J. *net*, ¶$2.50.

HINTS TO PREACHERS. HENRY, Litt.D. *net*, $2.25.

HOME VIRTUES, THE. DOYLE. S.J. *net*, $1.50.

HOME WORLD, THE. DOYLE, S.J. Paper, $0.35; cloth, *net*, $1.50.

IDEALS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, THE. FELDER, O.M. Cap.–BITTLE, O.M.Cap. *net*, $4.00.

INTRODUCTION TO A DEVOUT LIFE. ST. FRANCIS DE SALES. *net*, $1.75.

LADY, A. BUGG. *net*, $1.25.

LAWS OF THE KING. By a Religious. *net*, $0.75.

LETTERS ON MARRIAGE. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.75.

LITTLE ALTAR BOY'S MANUAL. $0.75.

LITTLE FLOWER'S LOVE FOR HER PARENTS, THE. SISTER M. ELEANORE, C.S.C., Ph.D. *net*, $0.20.

LITTLE FLOWER'S LOVE FOR THE HOLY EUCHARIST, THE. SISTER M. ELEANORE, C.S.C., *net*, $0.20.

LIVING FOR GOD. SISTER MARIE PAULA. net, $1.75.

MANUAL OF THEOLOGY FOR THE LAITY. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. Paper, *$0.75; cloth, *net*, $1.50.

MASS-SERVER'S CARD. Per doz., *net*, $0.80.

MASS FOR CHILDREN, THE. REV. WILLIAM R. KELLY. List $0.32.

MIND, THE. PYNE, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

OUR FIRST COMMUNION. REV. WILLIAM R. KELLY. List, $0.32.

OUR NUNS. LORD, S.J. Regular Edition, $2.50; De Luxe Edition, *net*, $3.50.

OUR SACRAMENTS. REV WILLIAM R. KELLY. List $0.60.

OUT TO WIN. Straight Talks to Boys on the Way to Manhood. CONROY, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

POETS AND PILGRIMS. BRÉGY. School Ed., *net*, $1.50; Decorative Ed., *net*, $2.50.

PRINCIPLES OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE; or, AN EXPLANATION OF THE "CATECHISM OF THE VOWS." COTEL, S.J. *net*, $1.85.

QUEEN'S FESTIVALS, THE. By a Religious. *net*, $0.75.

RELIGION HOUR: BOOK ONE. HANNAN, D.D. List, $0.32; *net* to schools $0.24.

SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH. LAMBING. Paper, $0.35; cloth, *net*, $1.00.

SHORT COURSE IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. Paper, *$0.20.

SHORT STORIES ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. *net*, $1.00.

SIMPLE COURSE OF RELIGION. WEIGAND. *net*, price to schools per 100, $4.25.

SIX ONE-ACT PLAYS. LORD, S.J. *net*, $1.75.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN PARISHES. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $3.25.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND AGENCIES. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $2.50.

SOCIALISM: ITS THEORETICAL BASIS AND PRACTICAL APPLICATION. CATHREIN-GETTELMAN. *net*, $3.00.

SODALITY CONFERENCES. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $2.75. First Series.

SODALITY CONFERENCES. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $2.75. Second Series.

SPIRITISM: FACTS AND FRAUDS. BLACKMORE, S.J. *net*, $3.00.

SPIRITUAL PEPPER AND SALT. STANG. Paper, *$0.40; cloth, *net*, $0.90.

STORIES OF THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD. By a Religious. *net*, $1.00.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S GUIDE. SLOAN. *net*, $1.00.

TALKS TO BOYS. CONROY, S.J. Paper, $0.35.

TALKS TO NURSES. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

TALKS TO PARENTS. CONROY, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

TALKS WITH OUR DAUGHTERS. Sister M. Eleanore, Ph.D. Cloth. *net*, $1.50.

TALKS WITH TEACHERS. Sister M. Paula. *net*, $1.75.

TEACHER TELLS A STORY: BOOK ONE. Hannan, D.D. List $2.00.

VOCATIONS EXPLAINED. Cut flush, *$0.25.

WAY OF INTERIOR PEACE. De Lehen, S.J. *net*, $2.25.

WONDERFUL SACRAMENTS, THE. Doyle, S.J. *net*, paper, $0.35; cloth, *net*, $1.75.

WONDER DAYS, THE. Taggart. *net*, $0.40.

WONDER GIFTS, THE. Taggart. *net*, $0.40.

WONDER OFFERING, THE. Taggart. *net*, $0.40.

WONDER STORY, THE. Taggart. *net*, $0.40.

II. DEVOTION, MEDITATION, SPIRITUAL READING, PRAYER-BOOKS

ABANDONMENT; or Absolute Surrender of Self to Divine Providence. Caussade, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BOOK. Prayer-Book by Father Lasance. Im. leather, $2.75.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' PRAYER-BOOK. Finn, S.J. 27 colored illustrations, 22 in black and white. Im. leather, round corners, limp, cut flush. Retail, $0.45. Other bindings up to $2.50.

CATHOLIC GIRL'S GUIDE, THE. Prayer-Book by Father Lasance. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, red edges, $1.75. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $2.00; gold edges, $2.50. Real leather, limp, gold edges, $3.00.

COMMUNION DEVOTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS. Sisters of Notre Dame. Imitation leather, *net*, $2.75; leather, $4.00.

CONVENT ECHOES. Devotional Verses. Sister M. Paraclita. *net*, $1.00.

EARLY FRIENDS OF CHRIST, THE. Conroy, S.J. *net*, $2.75.

EPITOME OF THE PRIESTLY LIFE, AN. Arvisenet-O'Sullivan. *net*, $2.50.

EUCHARISTIC PRIEST, THE. Lepicier, O.S.M. *net*, $2.00.

EVER TIMELY THOUGHTS. Garesché, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

FAIREST FLOWER OF PARADISE. Lepicier, O.S.M. *net*, $1.75.

FOR FREQUENT COMMUNICANTS. Roche, S.J. Paper, *$0.20.

GO TO JOSEPH. Lepicier, O.S.M. *net*, $1.75.

HER LITTLE WAY. Clarke. *net*, $1.50.

HOLY HOUR, THE. Keiley. 16mo, *$0.20.

HOLY HOUR OF ADORATION. Stang. *net*, $1.25.

HOLY SOULS BOOK. Reflections on Purgatory. A Complete Prayer-Book. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Im. leather, round corners, red edges, $1.90; gold edges, $2.50; real leather, gold edges, $3.00.

IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. Arnoudt. *net*, $2.00.

JESUS CHRIST, THE KING OF OUR HEARTS. Lepicier, O.S.M. *net*, $1.75.

KEEP THE GATE. Williams, S.J. *net*, paper, $0.35.

LET US PRAY. Lasance. Retail, $0.35.

LIFE'S LESSONS. Garesché, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Im. leather, round corners, red edges, retail, $2.75; gold edges, retail, $3.25; Amer. seal, limp, gold side, gold edges, retail, $3.75; Amer. morocco, seal grain, gold roll, red under gold edges, retail, $5.00.

LITTLE COMMUNICANTS' PRAYER-BOOK. Sloan, $0.60.

LITTLE FLOWER AND THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, THE. Husslein, S.J. *net*, $0.60.

LITTLE FLOWER TREASURY, THE. Edited by Caryl Coleman. Im. leather, fine grain, very flexible, round corners, red edges. Retail, $0.65. Other bindings up to $1.75.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY. LASANCE. *net*, $0.50.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. JOSEPH. LINGS. *net*, $0.50.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. RITA. MCGRATH. $1.25.

LITTLE MASS BOOK, THE. LYNCH. Paper, *$0.15.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Vest-pocket Edition. A little Book of Prayer for Men and Women. By REV. F. X. LASANCE. Oblong, 32mo. $1.00.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. A Book of Prayer for Men and Women. By REV. F. X. LASANCE. Extra Large Type Edition, 544 pages, 16mo. $1.90.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Prayer-Book by REV. F. X. LASANCE. Thin Edition. Im. leather. $1.50.

MANNA OF THE SOUL. Prayer-Book by REV. F. X. LASANCE. Thin edition with Epistles and Gospels. $1.75.

MANUAL OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST. LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $2.25.

MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD. VERCRUYSSE, S.J. 2 vols. *net*, $6.50.

MEDITATIONS FOR THE USE OF THE SECULAR CLERGY. CHAIGNON, S.J., 2 vols. *net*, $7.50.

MEDITATIONS ON THE LIFE, THE TEACHING AND THE PASSION OF JESUS CHRIST. ILG-CLARKE. 2 vols. *net*, $5.75.

MEDITATIONS ON THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS CHRIST. PERINALDO. *net*, $1.00.

MENDING THE NETS. MORNING STAR SERIES II. FERLY, S.J. *net*, $0.75.

MISSION REMEMBRANCE OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. GEIERMANN, C.SS.R. $2.00.

MOMENTS BEFORE THE TABERNACLE. RUSSELL, S.J. *net*. $0.90.

MORNING SACRIFICE, THE. MOFFATT, S.J. Retail, $0.15.

MY GOD AND MY ALL. A Prayer-Book for Children. By REV. F. X. LASANCE. Black or white, cloth, square corners, white edges, retail, $0.35. Imit. leather, black or white, seal grain, gold edges, retail, $0.70. Persian Morocco, gold side and edges, retail, $1.25. Same, white leather, retail, $1.50. Celluloid, retail, $1.00; with Indulgence Cross, retail, $1.35.

MY PRAYER-BOOK. Happiness in Goodness. Reflections, Counsels, Prayers, and Devotions. By REV. F. X. LASANCE. 16mo. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, $1.65. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges, $1.85; gold edges, $2.25. Real leather, gold edges, $2.75.

MY PRAYER-BOOK. Extra Large Type Edition. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, square corners, red edges, $1.85. Imitation leather, round corners, red edges, $2.25. Imitation leather, round corners, gold edges, $3.25. American seal, limp, gold side, gold edges, $4.00.

MYSTERY OF LOVE, THE. LEPICIER, O.S.M. *net*, $1.75.

NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY, THE. Complete Missal in English for Every Day in the Year. New Edition. With Introduction Notes and a Book of Prayer. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE. Oblong, 32mo. Imitation leather, $3.00.

NEW MISSAL FOR EVERY DAY. (Student's Edition.) By Rev. F. X. LASANCE. Retail $2.00.

NEW TESTAMENT. 12mo edition. Large type. Cloth, *net*, $1.75.

NOVENA IN HONOR OF SAINT THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS. COLEMAN, *net* $0.15.

OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK, COMPLETE. Latin and English. Cut flush, *net*, $0.65; silk cloth, *net*, $1.00; Am. seal, red edges, *net*, $2.25.

OUR FAVORITE DEVOTIONS. LINGS, *net*, $1.50.

OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS LINGS. *net*, $1.50.

OUR LADY BOOK. By Rev. F. X. LASANCE. Imitation leather, limp, round corners, red edges,

$2.00. Morocco Grain, Imitation Leather, gold edges, $2.50 American Seal, limp, gold side, gold edges, $3.00. Rutland limp, red under gold edges, $3.75. Turkey Morocco, limp, gold roll, red under gold edges, $5.25.

PATHS OF GOODNESS, THE. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

POLICEMEN'S AND FIREMEN'S COMPANION. McGRATH. $0.60.

PRAYER-BOOK FOR RELIGIOUS. LASANCE. 16mo. Imitation leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $2.50.

PRAYERS FOR OUR DEAD. McGRATH. Cloth, $0.35; imitation leather, $0.75.

PRISONER OF LOVE. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $2.00.

REFLECTIONS FOR RELIGIOUS. LASANCE. *net*, $2.75.

REJOICE IN THE LORD. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. $2.00.

ROSARY NOVENAS TO OUR LADY. LACEY. *nei*, $0.15.

ROSE WREATH FOR THE CROWNING OF ST. TERESA OF THE CHILD JESUS, A. CLARKE. *net*, $1.50.

SACRED HEART BOOK. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges. $1.75.

SERAPHIC GUIDE, THE. $1.50.

SHORT MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY. LASAUSSE. *net*, $1.50.

SHORT VISITS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. LASANCE. *net*, $0.50.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' COMPANION. McGRATH. Vest-pocket shape, silk cloth or khaki, $0.35.

SOUVENIR OF THE NOVITIATE. TAYLOR. *net*, $1.25.

SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE, THE, AND THE LIFE OF SACRIFICE IN THE RELIGIOUS STATE. GIRAUD. *net*, $3.00.

SPIRITUAL CONSIDERATIONS. BUCKLER, O.P. *net*, $1.00.

SUNDAY MISSAL, THE. LASANCE, Im. leather, limp, red edges, $2.25.

TEACHINGS OF THE LITTLE FLOWER, THE. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

THINGS IMMORTAL, THE. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

THOUGHTS FOR TODAY. MORNING-STAR SERIES I. FEELEY, S.J. *net*, $0.75.

THOUGHTS ON THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, *net*, $2.75.

THY KINGDOM COME, SERIES I. MOFFATT, S.J. *net*, $0.30.

THY KINGDOM COME, SERIES II. MOFFATT, S.J. *net*, $0.30.

THY KINGDOM COME, SERIES III. MOFFATT, S.J. *net*, $0.30.

THY KINGDOM COME, SERIES IV. MOFFATT, S.J. *net*, $0.30.

TRUE SPOUSE OF CHRIST, LIGUORI. *net*, $2.00.

VALUES EVERLASTING, THE. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

VIGIL HOUR, THE. RYAN, S.J. Paper, *$0.25.

VISITS TO JESUS IN THE TABERNACLE. LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges. $2.25.

VISITS TO THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT. LIGUORI. *net*, $1.00.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Paper. *$0.08.

WAY OF THE CROSS, THE. Very large-type edition. Method of ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI. *$0.20.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Eucharistic method. *$0.15.

WAY OF THE CROSS. Method of ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. *$0.15.

WITH GOD. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $2.50.

YEARNING FOR GOD. WILLIAMS, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, THE. Prayer-Book by FATHER LASANCE. Seal grain cloth, stiff covers, red edges, $1.75. Im. leather, limp, red edges, $2.00; gold edges, $2.50.

YOUR INTERESTS ETERNAL. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

YOUR NEIGHBOR AND YOU. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

YOUR OWN HEART. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

YOUR SOUL'S SALVATION. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

III. THEOLOGY, LITURGY, HOLY SCRIPTURE, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, CANON LAW

ALTAR PRAYERS. Edition A: English and Latin, *net*, $3.00. Edition B: German-English-Latin, *net*, $4.50.

ANNOUNCEMENT BOOK. 12mo. *net*, $4.80.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD BREVIARY. HEUSER, D. D. *net*, $2.00.

BAPTISMAL RITUAL. 12mo. *net*, $1.50.

BENEDICENDA. SCHULTE. *net*, $2.50.

BURIAL RITUAL. Cloth, *net*, $1.50.

COMBINATION RECORD FOR SMALL PARISHES. *net*, $8.00

COMPENDIUM SACRÆ LITURGIÆ. WAPELHORST, O.F.M. *net*, ¶$3.50.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. GIGOT. *net*, ¶$5.75.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Abridged edition. GIGOT. *net*, ¶$3.75.

HOLY BIBLE, THE. Large type, handy size. Cloth, $2.50.

HYMNS OF THE BREVIARY AND MISSAL, THE. BRITT, O.S.B. *net*, $3.50.

JESUS LIVING IN THE PRIEST. MILLET, S.J.–BYRNE. *net*, $4.50.

LIBER STATUS ANIMARUM, or Parish Census Book. Large edition, size, 14x10 inches. 100 Families. 200 pp., half leather, *net*, $7.00; 200 Families, 400 pp., half leather, net, $8.00; Pocket Edition. *net*, $0.50.

MARRIAGE LEGISLATION IN THE NEW CODE. AYRINHAC, S.S. *net*, $2.75.

MARRIAGE RITUAL. Cloth, gilt edges, *net*, $2.50; sheepskin, gilt edges, *net*, $3.75.

MIND, THE. PYNE, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

MISSALE ROMANUM. Benziger Brothers' Authorized Vatican Editon. Black or Red Amer. morocco, gold edges, *net*, $15.00; Red Amer. morocco, gold stamping and edges, *net*, $17.50. Red finest quality morocco, red under gold edges, *net*, $22.00.

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. COPPENS, S.J.-SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $3.00.

OUTLINES OF JEWISH HISTORY. GIGOT, D.D. *net*, $3.00.

OUTLINES OF NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. GIGOT. *net*, $4.50.

PASTORAL THEOLOGY. STANG. *net*, ¶$3.25.

PENAL LEGISLATION IN THE NEW CODE OF CANON LAW. AYRINHAC, S.S. *net*, $3.75.

PEW COLLECTION AND RECEIPT BOOK. Indexed. 11x8 inches, *net*, $5.75.

PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE. MCHUGH, O.P. *net*, $0.40.

RECORD OF BAPTISMS. 200 pages, 700 entries, *net*, $7.00. 400 pages. 1400 entries, *net*, $10.00. 600 pages, 2100 entries, *net*, $12.00.

RECORD OF CONFIRMATIONS. *net*, $6.00.

RECORD OF FIRST COMMUNIONS. *net*, $6.00.

RECORD OF INTERMENTS. *net*, $6.00.

RECORD OF MARRIAGES Size 14x10 inches. 200 pages, 700 entries, *net*, $7.00. 400 pages, 1400 entries, *net* $10.00. 600 pages, 2100 entries, *net*, $12.00.

RITUALE COMPENDIOSUM Cloth, *net*, $1.50, seal, *net*, $3.00.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. GIGOT. Part I, *net*, ¶$4.75; Part II, *net*, ¶$5.00.

TEXTUAL CONCORDANCE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. WILLIAMS. *net*, $8.75.

IV. SERMONS

EIGHT-MINUTE SERMONS. DEMOUY. 2 vols., *net*, $5.50.

FUNERAL SERMONS. WIRTH, O.S.B. *net*, $2.25.

HINTS TO PREACHERS. HENRY, Litt.D. *net*, $2.25.

POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM. BAMBERG-THURSTON, S.J. 3 vols., *net*, $7.50.

SERMONS. CANON SHEEHAN. *net*, $3.00.

SERMONS. WHELAN, O.S.A. *net*, $2.50.

SERMONS FOR THE SUNDAYS AND CHIEF FESTIVALS OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL YEAR. POTTGIESSER, S.J. 2 vols., *net*, $7.00.

SODALITY CONFERENCES. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $2.75. First Series.

SODALITY CONFERENCES. GARESCHÉ, S.J. *net*, $2.75. Second Series.

THREE-MINUTE HOMILIES. MCDONOUGH. *net*, $2.00.

V. HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, HAGIOLOGY, TRAVEL

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD BREVIARY. HEUSER, D.D. *net*, $2.00.

CATHOLIC NURSERY RHYMES. SR. M. GERTRUDE, M.A. Retail, $0.25.

CHILD'S LIFE OF ST. JOAN OF ARC. MANNIX, *net*, $1.60.

HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. BRUECK. 2 vols., *net*, $5.75.

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION. COBBETT-GASQUET. *net*, $1.00.

HISTORY OF THE MASS. O'BRIEN. *net*, $3.00.

IDEALS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, THE. FELDER, O.M. Cap. *net*, $4.00.

ILLUSTRATED LIVES OF PATRON SAINTS FOR BOYS. MANNIX. *net*, $1.25.

ILLUSTRATED LIVES OF PATRON SAINTS FOR GIRLS. MANNIX. *net*, $1.25.

IMMOLATION. Life of Mother Mary of Jesus (Marie Deleuil-Martiny.) LAPLACE-NEWCOMB. *net*, $3.75.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF ST. JOSEPH. HEUSER, D.D. *net*, $1.75.

LIFE OF CHRIST. BUSINGER-BRENNAN. Illustrated. Half morocco, gilt edges, *net* $18.00.

LIFE OF CHRIST. COCHEM, *net*, $1.00.

LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN. ROHNER. *net*, $1.00.

LIFE OF ST. MARGARET MARY ALACOQUE. Illustrated. BOUGAUD. *net*, $1.84.

LITTLE LIVES OF THE SAINTS FOR CHILDREN. BERTHOLD. *net*, $1.25.

LITTLE PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With 400 illustrations. *net*, $2.00.

LIVES OF THE SAINTS. BUTLER. Paper, retail, $0.35; cloth, *net*, $1.00.

LOURDES. CLARKE, S.J. *net*. $1.00.

MARY THE QUEEN. By a Religious. *net*, $0.75.

MILL TOWN PASTOR, A. CONROY, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

OUR NUNS. LORD, S.J. *net*, $2.50.

OUR OWN ST. RITA. CORCORAN,

PASSIONISTS, THE. WARD, C.P. *net*, $5.00.

PATRON SAINTS FOR CATHOLIC YOUTH. By M. E. MANNIX. Each life separately in attractive colored paper cover with illustration on front cover. Each 10 cents postpaid; per 25 copies, assorted, *net*, $1.75; per 100 copies, assorted, *net*, $6.75. Sold only in packages containing 5 copies of one title.

For Boys: St. Joseph; St. Aloysius; St. Anthony; St. Bernard; St. Martin; St. Michael; St. Francis Xavier; St. Patrick; St. Charles; St. Philip.

The above can be had bound in 1 volume, cloth, *net*, $1.00.

For Girls: St. Ann; St. Agnes; St. Teresa; St. Rose of Lima; St. Cecilia; St. Helena; St. Bridget; St. Catherine; St. Elizabeth; St. Margaret.

The above can be had bound in 1 volume, cloth, *net*, $1.00.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With nearly 400 illustrations and over 600 pages, *net*, $5.75.

ROMA. Pagan, Subterranean and Modern Rome in Word and Picture. By REV. ALBERT KUHN, O.S.B.. D.D. Preface by CARDI-

NAL GIBBONS. 617 pages, 744 illustrations. 48 full-page inserts, 3 plans of Rome in colors. 8½x12 inches. Red im. leather, gold side. *net*, $18.00.

ST. ANTHONY. WARD. *net*, $1.00.

ST. JOAN OF ARC. LYNCH, S.J. Illustrated. *net*, $3.00.

SHORT LIFE OF CHRIST, A. McDONOUGH. Retail, $0.15.

SHORT LIVES OF THE SAINTS. DONNELLY. *net*, $1.00.

STORY OF THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. LYNCH, S.J. Illustrated. *net*, $3.50.

STORY OF THE LITTLE FLOWER, THE. LORD, S.J. Retail, $0.15; *net* to Priests and Religious, $0.10.

WHISPERINGS OF THE CARIBBEAN. WILLIAMS, S.J. *net*, $2.00.

WONDER STORY, THE. TAGGART. Illustrated Board covers, *net* $0.40. Also an edition in French and Polish at same price.

VI. JUVENILES

FATHER FINN'S BOOKS. Each, *net*, $1.25.

- CANDLES' BEAMS.
- SUNSHINE AND FRECKLES.
- LORD BOUNTIFUL.
- ON THE RUN.
- BOBBY IN MOVIELAND.
- FACING DANGER.
- HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. A Sequel to "Lucky Bob."
- LUCKY BOB.
- PERCY WYNN; OR, MAKING A BOY OF HIM.
- TOM PLAYFAIR; OR, MAKING A START.
- CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT; OR, HOW THE PROBLEM WAS SOLVED.
- HARRY DEE; OR, WORKING IT OUT.
- ETHELRED PRESTON; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW COMER.
- THE BEST FOOT FORWARD; AND OTHER STORIES.
- "BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE."
- CUPID OF CAMPION.
- THAT FOOTBALL GAME AND WHAT CAME OF IT.
- THE FAIRY OF THE SNOWS.
- THAT OFFICE BOY.
- HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE.
- MOSTLY BOYS. SHORT STORIES.

FATHER SPALDING'S BOOKS. Each, illustrated. *net*, $1.50.

- THE INDIAN GOLD-SEEKER.
- STRANDED ON LONG BAR.
- IN THE WILDS OF THE CANYON.
- SIGNALS FROM THE BAY TREE.
- HELD IN THE EVERGLADES.
- AT THE FOOT OF THE SANDHILLS.
- THE CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK.
- THE SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK.
- THE CAMP BY COPPER RIVER.
- THE RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND.
- THE MARKS OF THE BEAR CLAWS.
- THE OLD MILL ON THE WITHROSE.
- THE SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER.

ADVENTURE WITH THE APACHES. FERRY. *net*, $0.75.

AS GOLD IN THE FURNACE. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

AS TRUE AS GOLD. MANNIX. *net*, $0.75.

AT THE FOOT OF THE SANDHILLS. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

AWAKENING OF EDITH, THE. Illustrated. SPECKING. *net*, $1.50.

BEST FOOT FORWARD, THE. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

BETWEEN FRIENDS. AUMERLE, *net*, $1.00.

BISTOURI. MELANDRI. *net*, $0.75.

BLISSYLVANIA POST-OFFICE TAGGART. *net*, $0.75.

BOBBY IN MOVIELAND. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

BOB O'LINK. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.75.

BROWNIE AND I. AUMERLE. *net*, $1.00.

"BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE." FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
BY BRANSCOME RIVER. TAGGART. *net*, $0.75.
CAMP BY COPPER RIVER. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
CANDLES' BEAMS. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
CAPTAIN TED. WAGGAMAN, *net*, $1.25.
CAVE BY THE BEECH FORK. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
CHILDREN OF CUPA. MANNIX. *net*, $0.75.
CHILDREN OF THE LOG CABIN. DELAMARE. *net*, $1.00.
CLARE, LORAINE. "LEE." *net*, $1.00.
CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
COBRA ISLAND. BOYTON, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
CUPA REVISITED. MANNIX. *net*, $0.75.
CUPID OF CAMPION. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
DADDY DAN. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.75.
DAN'S BEST ENEMY. HOLLAND, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
DEAR FRIENDS. NIRDLINGER. *net*, $1.00.
DEAREST GIRL, THE. TAGGART. *net*, $1.50.
DIMPLING'S SUCCESS. MULHOLLAND. *net*, $0.75.
ETHELRED PRESTON. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
EVERY-DAY GIRL, AN. CROWLEY. *net*, $0.75.
FACING DANGER. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
FAIRY OF THE SNOWS. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
FINDING OF TONY. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.50.
FIVE BIRDS IN A NEST. DELAMARE. *net*, $1.00.
FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER. SMITH. *net*, $0.75.
FREDDY CARR'S ADVENTURES. GARROLD, S.J. *net*, $1.00.
FREDDY CARR AND HIS FRIENDS. GARROLD, S.J. *net*, $1.00.
GOLDEN LILY, THE. HINKSON. *net*, $0.75.
GREAT CAPTAIN, THE. HINKSON. *net*, $0.75.
HARMONY FLATS. WHITMIRE. *net*, $1.00.
HARRY DEE. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
HARRY RUSSELL. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.00.
HEIR OF DREAMS, AN. O'MALLEY. *net*, 0.75.
HELD IN THE EVERGLADES. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. FINN, S.J. net, $1.25.
HOI-AH! MCDONALD. *net*, $1.50.
HOSTAGE OF WAR, A. BONESTEEL, *net*, $0.75.
HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY. EGAN. *net*, $1.00.
INDIAN GOLD-SEEKER, THE. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE. MANNIX. *net*, $0.75.
IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST. BARTON. *net*, $1.00.
IN THE WILDS OF THE CANYON. SPALDING, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
JACK. By a Religious, H. C. J. *net*, $0.75.
JACK-O'-LANTERN. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.75.
JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. TAGGART. *net*, $1.00.
KLONDIKE PICNIC, A. DONNELLY. *net*, $1.00.
LAST LAP, THE. MCGRATH, S.J. *net*, $1.50.
LITTLE APOSTLE ON CRUTCHES. DELAMARE. *net*, $0.75.
LITTLE GIRL FROM BACK EAST. ROBERTS. *net*, $0.75.
LITTLE LADY OF THE HALL. RYEMAN. *net*, $0.75.
LITTLE MARSHALLS AT THE LAKE. NIXON-ROULET. *net*, $1.00.
LITTLE MISSY. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.75.
LOYAL BLUE AND ROYAL SCARLET. TAGGART. *net*, $1.50.
LORD BOUNTIFUL. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
LUCKY BOB. FINN, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
MADCAP SET AT ST. ANNE'S. BRUNOWE. *net*, $0.75.
MAD KNIGHT, THE. SCHACHING. *net*, $0.75.
MAKING OF MORTLAKE. COPUS, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

MAKING THE ELEVEN AT ST. MICHAEL'S. Uniack. *net*, $1.50.

MAN FROM NOWHERE. Sadlier. *net*, $1.00.

MANGLED HANDS. Boyton, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

MARKS OF THE BEAR CLAWS. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

MARTHA JANE. Specking. *net*, $1.50.

MARTHA JANE AT COLLEGE. Specking. *net*, $1.50.

MARY ROSE AT BOARDING SCHOOL. Wirries. *net*, $1.50.

MARY ROSE GRADUATE. Wirries. *net*, $1.50.

MARY ROSE KEEPS HOUSE. Wirries. *net*, $1.50.

MARY ROSE SOPHOMORE. Wirries. *net*, $1.50.

MARY TRACEY'S FORTUNE. Sadlier. *net*, $0.75.

MILLY AVELING. Smith. *net*, $1.00.

MIRALDA. Johnson. *net*, $0.75.

MOSTLY BOYS. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. Sadlier. *net*, $0.75.

MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY. Barton. *net*, $1.00.

MYSTERY OF HORNBY HALL. Sadlier. *net*, $1.00.

NAN NOBODY. Waggaman. *net*, $0.75.

NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S. Brunowe. *net*, $1.00.

OLD CHARLMONT'S SEED-BED. Smith. *net*, $0.75.

OLD MILL ON THE WITH-ROSE. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

ON THE RUN. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

ON THE SANDS OF CONEY. Boyton, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

PAMELA'S LEGACY. Taggart. *net*, $1.50.

PANCHO AND PANCHITA. Mannix. *net*, $0.75.

PAULINE ARCHER. Sadlier. *net*, $0.75.

PERCY WYNN. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

PERIL OF DIONYSIO. Mannix. *net*, $0.75.

PETRONILLA. Donnelly. *net*, $1.00.

PICKLE AND PEPPER. Dorsey. *net*, $1.75.

PILGRIM FROM IRELAND. Carnot. *net*, $0.75.

PLAYWATER PLOT, THE. Waggaman. *net*, $1.50.

QUEEN'S PAGE, THE. Hinkson. *net*, $0.75.

QUEEN'S PROMISE, THE. Waggaman. *net*, $1.50.

QUEST OF MARY SELWYN. Clementia. *net*, $1.50.

RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

REARDON RAH! Holland, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

RECRUIT TOMMY COLLINS. Bonesteel. *net*, $0.75.

ST. CUTHBERT'S. Copus, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

SANDY JOE. Waggaman. *net*, $1.50.

SCHOONER AHOY! McDonald. *net*, $1.50.

SEA-GULL'S ROCK. Sandeau. *net*, $0.75.

SEVEN LITTLE MARSHALLS. Nixon-Roulet. *net*, $0.75.

SHADOWS LIFTED. Copus, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

SHIPMATES. Waggaman. *net*, $1.50.

SIGNALS FROM THE BAY TREE. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

STRANDED ON LONG BAR. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

STRONG ARM OF AVALON. Waggaman. *net*, $1.50.

SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER. Spalding, S.J. *net*, $1.50.

SUMMER AT WOODVILLE. Sadlier. *net*, $0.75.

SUNSHINE AND FRECKLES. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

TALISMAN, THE. Sadlier. *net*, $1.00.

TAMING OF POLLY. Dorsey. *net*, $1.75.

THAT FOOTBALL GAME. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

THAT OFFICE BOY. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY ONE. Taggart. *net*, $0.75.

TOM LOSELY; BOY. Copus, S.J. *net*, $1.00.

TOM PLAYFAIR. Finn, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

TOM'S LUCK-POT. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.75.
TRANSPLANTING OF TESSIE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.50.
TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN. TAGGART. *net*, $1.00.
TWO LITTLE GIRLS. MACK. *net*, $0.75.
UNCLE FRANK'S MARY. CLEMENTIA. *net*, $1.50.
UPS AND DOWNS OF MARJORIE. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $0.75.
VIOLIN MAKER. SMITH. *net*, $0.75.
WHERE MONKEYS SWING. BOYTON, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. TAGGART. *net*, $1.00.
WHOOPEE! BOYTON, S.J. *net*, $1.25.

VII. COLORED PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

CATHOLIC NURSERY RHYMES. SR. MARY GERTRUDE. Retail, $0.25.
LITTLE FLOWER'S LOVE FOR THE EUCHARIST. SR. M. ELEANORE, C.S.C. *net*, $0.20.
LITTLE FLOWER'S LOVE FOR HER PARENTS, SR. M. ELEANORE, C.S.C. *net*, $0.20.
MASS FOR CHILDREN, THE. KELLY. List. $0.32.
OUR FIRST COMMUNION KELLY. List, $0.32.
OUR SACRAMENTS. KELLY. List. $0.60.
WONDER DAYS. TAGGART. *net*, $0.40.
WONDER GIFTS. TAGGART. *net*, $0.40.
WONDER OFFERING. TAGGART. *net*, $0.40.
WONDER STORY. TAGGART. *net*, $0.40.

VIII. NOVELS

ISABEL C. CLARKE'S GREAT NOVELS.
A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. *net*, $2.50.
Each, *net*, $2.00.
CASTLE OF SAN SALVO.
SELMA.
IT HAPPENED IN ROME.
VILLA BY THE SEA, THE.
CHILDREN OF THE SHADOW.
VIOLA HUDSON.
ANNA NUGENT.
CARINA.
AUTOGRAPH FICTION LIBRARY. Each, *net* $1.75.
AVERAGE CABINS.
THE LIGHT ON THE LAGOON.
THE POTTER'S HOUSE.
TRESSIDER'S SISTER.
URSULA FINCH.
THE ELSTONES.
EUNICE.
LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER.
CHILDREN OF EVE.
THE DEEP HEART.
WHOSE NAME IS LEGION.
FINE CLAY.
PRISONER'S YEARS.
THE REST HOUSE.
ONLY ANNE.
THE SECRET CITADEL.
BY THE BLUE RIVER.
ANNA NUGENT. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
AVERAGE CABINS. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
BOY. INEZ SPECKING. *net*, $1.50.
BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE. FINN. *net*, $1.25.
BY THE BLUE RIVER. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
CABLE, THE. TAGGART. *net*, $2.00.
CARINA. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
CASE OF CONSCIENCE, A. CLARKE. *net*, $2.50.
CASTLE OF SAN SALVO. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
CHILDREN OF THE SHADOW. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
CHILDREN OF EVE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. BRACKEL. *net*, $1.00.
CONNOR, D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. BERTHOLDS. *net*, $1.00.
DEEP HEART, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
DENYS THE DREAMER. HINKSON. *net*, $1.00.
DION AND THE SIBYLS. KEON. *net*, $1.00.
ELSTONES, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.

EUNICE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
FABIOLA. WISEMAN. Paper, $0.35; cloth, *net*, $1.00.
FABIOLA'S SISTERS. CLARKE. *net*, $1.00.
FALSE GODS. WILL SCARLET. *net*, $1.00.
FAUSTULA. AYSCOUGH. *net*. $2.00.
FINE CLAY. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
FOR BETTER FOR WORSE. SCOTT, S.J. *net*, $1.75.
FORGIVE AND FORGET. LINGEN. *net*, $1.00.
GRAPES OF THORNS. WAGGAMAN. *net*, $1.00.
HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN. HAHN-HAHN. *net*, $1.00.
HER JOURNEY'S END. COOKE. *net*, $1.00.
IDOLS; OR, THE SECRET OF THE RUE CHAUSSE D'ANTIN. DE NAVERY. *net*, $1.00.
IN GOD'S COUNTRY. BOYTON, S.J. *net*, $1.25.
IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. ROSS. *net*, $1.00.
IN SPITE OF ALL. STANIFORTH. *net*, $1.00.
IT HAPPENED IN ROME. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
KELLY. SCOTT, S.J. *net*, $1.75.
KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS. HARRISON. *net*, $1.00.
LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE. HART. *net*, $1.00.
LIGHT ON THE LAGOON, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
"LIKE UNTO A MERCHANT." GRAY. *net*, $1.00.
MARCELLA GRACE. MULHOLLAND. *net*, $1.00.
MARIQUITA. AYSCOUGH. *net*, $2.00.
MIRAGE. SPECKING. *net*, $1.50.
MISS ERIN. FRANCIS. *net*, $1.00.
MISSY. SPECKING. *net*, $1.50.
MONK'S PARDON, THE. DE NAVERY. *net*, $1.00.
MY LADY BEATRICE. COOKE. *net*, $1.00.
NO HANDICAP. TAGGART. *net*, $2.00.
ONLY ANNE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
PASSING SHADOWS. YORKE. *net*, $0.80.
POTTER'S HOUSE, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
PRISONERS' YEARS. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
PROPHET'S WIFE. BROWNE. *net*, $1.00.
REST HOUSE, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
ROSE OF THE WORLD. MARTIN. *net*, $1.00.
RUBY CROSS, THE. WALLACE. *net*, $1.00.
RULER OF THE KINGDOM. KEON. *net*, $1.50.
SECRET CITADEL, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE. COOKE. *net*, $1.00.
SELMA. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
SHADOW OF EVERSLEIGH. LANSDOWNE. *net*, $1.00.
SO AS BY FIRE. CONNOR. *net*, $1.00.
TEMPEST OF THE HEART. GRAY. *net*, $1.00.
TEST OF COURAGE. ROSS. *net*, $1.00.
TRESSIDER'S SISTER. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
TURN OF THE TIDE, THE. GRAY. *net*, $1.00.
UNBIDDEN GUEST, THE. COOKE. *net*, $1.00.
UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS. CANON SHEEHAN. *net*, $3.50.
URSULA FINCH. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.
VILLA BY THE SEA, THE. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
VIOLA HUDSON. CLARKE. *net*, $2.00.
WAY THAT LED BEYOND, THE. HARRISON. *net*, $1.00.
WHOSE NAME IS LEGION. CLARKE. *net*, $1.75.